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THE OXFORD THRUSHES.

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I NEVER thought again to hear
The Oxford thrushes singing clear,
Amid the February rain,
Their sweet indomitable strain.

A wintry vapour lightly spreads
Among the trees, and round the beds
Where daffodil and jonquil sleep,
Only the snowdrop wakes to weep.

It is not spring-time yet. Alas,
What dark, tempestuous days must pass,
Till England's trial by battle cease,
And summer comes again with peace.

The lofty halls, the tranquil towers,
Where Learning in untroubled hours
Held her high court, serene in fame,
Are lovely still, yet not the same.

The novices in fluttering gown
No longer fill the ancient town,
But fighting men in khaki drest,—
And in the Schools the wounded rest.

Ah, far away, 'neath foreign skies
Full many a son of Oxford lies,
And whispers from his warrior grave,
'I died to keep the faith you gave.'

THE OXFORD THRUSHES.

The mother mourns, but does not fail,
Her courage and her love prevail
O'er sorrow, and her spirit hears
The promise of triumphant years.

Then sing, ye thrushes, in the rain
Your sweet indomitable strain.
Ye bring a word from God on high
And voices in our hearts reply.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

A CLOSED CHAPTER.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

PART I.—THE ACTION OFF CORONEL.

Sunset and evening star

And after that the dark.

KE. DURING the years 1912 and 1913 the Captain of the British cruiser *Monmouth*, the senior English Naval Officer on the China Station, and Admiral Count von Spee, commanding the German Far-Eastern Squadron, were close and intimate friends.

The intimacy of the chiefs extended to the officers and men of the two squadrons. The English and Germans discussed with one another the chances of war between their nations, and wished one another the best of luck when the scrap came. The German Squadron, which has since been destroyed, was like no other in the Kaiser's Navy. It was commanded by professional officers and manned by long-service ratings. It had taken for its model the English Navy, and it had absorbed much of the English naval spirit. Count von Spee, though a Prussian Junker, was a gentleman, and with Captain von Müller, who afterwards made the name of the *Emden* immortal, was worthy to serve under the White Ensign. Let us always be just to those of our foes who, though they fight with us terribly, yet remain our chivalrous friends. I will tell a pretty story which will illustrate the spirit of comradeship which existed between the English and German squadrons during those two years before the war.

In December 1912 the *Monmouth* was cruising in the Gulf of Pechili, which resembles a long flask with a narrow bottle neck. Admiral von Spee, who was lying with his powerful squadron off Chifu, in the neck of the bottle, received word from a correspondent that the second Balkan War had brought England and Germany within a short distance of 'Der Tag.' Von Spee and his officers did not clink glasses to 'The Day'; they were professionals who knew the English Navy and its incomparable power; they left silly boastings to civilians and to their colleagues of Kiel who had not eaten of English salt. Count von Spee thought first of his English friend who, in his elderly cruiser, was away up

in the Gulf at the mercy of the German Squadron, which was as a cork in its neck. He at once despatched a destroyer to find the *Monmouth's* captain and to warn him that though there might be nothing in the news it were better for him to get clear of the Gulf. 'There may be nothing in the yarn,' he wrote, 'I have had many scares before. But it would be well if you got out of the Gulf. I should be most sorry to have to sink you.' When the destroyer came up with the *Monmouth* she had returned to Wei-hai-wei, and the message was delivered. Her skipper laughed, and sent an answer somewhat as follows: 'My dear von Spee, thank you very much. I am here. *J'y suis, J'y reste*. I shall expect you and your guns at breakfast to-morrow morning.' War did not come then; when von Spee did meet and sink the *Monmouth* she had another captain in command, but the story remains as evidence of the chivalrous naval spirit of the gallant and skilful von Spee.

In November 1913 the *Monmouth* left the China Station, and before she went, upon November 6, her crew were entertained sumptuously by von Spee and von Müller. She was paid off in January 1914, after reaching home, but was recommissioned in the following July for the test mobilisation, which at the moment meant so much, and which a few weeks later was to mean so much more. When the war broke out, the *Monmouth*, with her new officers and men, half of whom were naval reservists, was sent back to the Pacific. The armoured cruiser *Good Hope*, also commissioned in July, was sent with her, and the old battleship *Canopus* was despatched a little later.

Meanwhile war had broken out, and we will for a few moments consider what resulted. The *Emden*, Captain von Müller, was at the German base of Tsing-tau, but Admiral von Spee, with the armoured cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* and his three light cruisers *Dresden*, *Leipzig*, and *Nürnberg*, was among the German Caroline Islands far to the south of the China Sea. The Japanese Fleet undertook to keep him out of China waters to the north, and the Australian Unit—which then was at full strength and included the battle cruiser *Australia* with her eight 12-inch guns and the light cruisers *Melbourne* and *Sydney*, each armed with eight sixes—made themselves responsible for the Australian end of the big sea area. The *Emden*, disguised as an English cruiser, with four funnels—the dummy one made of canvas—got out of Tsing-tau under the noses of the Japanese watchers, made off towards the Indian Ocean, and pursued that lively and solitary career which came to its

appointed end at the Cocos-Keeling Islands, as described fully in the December issue of this magazine. The Australian Unit, burning with zeal to fire its maiden guns at a substantial enemy, sought diligently for von Spee and requisitioned the assistance of the French armoured cruiser *Montcalm*, an old slow and not very useful vessel which happened to be available for the hunt. Von Spee was discovered in his island retreat and pursued as far as Fiji, but the long arm of the English Admiralty then interposed and upset the merry game. We were short of battle cruisers where we wanted them most—in the North Sea—so the *Australia* was summoned home and the remaining ships of the Unit, no longer by themselves a match for von Spee, were ordered back to Sydney in deep disgust. 'A little more,' declared the bold Australians, who under their English professional officers had been hammered into a real Naval Unit, 'and we would have done the work which the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* had to do later. If we had been left alone there would not have been any disaster off Coronel.' While one can sympathise with complaints such as this from eager fire-eaters, one has to accept their assertions with due caution. The German High Seas Fleet was at that time a more important objective than even von Spee. So the *Australia*—and her sister the *New Zealand*—came to England to join up with the Grand Fleet, and von Spee had rest for several weeks. He was not very enterprising. Commerce hunting did not much appeal to him, though his light cruisers, the *Dresden* and *Leipzig*, did some little work in that line both before and after he had shifted his squadron at the end of September to the South American seaboard. There he could get coal in plenty, but no shells for his guns. On the way across he visited Samoa, from which we had torn down the German flag, but did no damage there. On September 22 he bombarded Tahiti, in the Society Islands, a foolish proceeding of which he repented later on when the Coronel action left him short of shell with no means of replenishment. For eight days he stayed in the Marquesas Islands taking in provisions, thence he went to Easter Island and Masafuera, and so to Valparaiso, where the Chilean Government, though neutral, was not unbenevolent. He was for three weeks in and out of Chilean ports, coaling from German ships there, and sparing the authorities much embarrassment by not staying for more than twenty-four hours in any port. The letter of the law was good enough for the Chileans as it has been for most neutrals during the war.

We must now return to the British Squadron which had been sent out to deal with von Spee as best it might. Cradock with such a squadron, all, except the light cruiser *Glasgow*, old and slow, had no means of bringing von Spee to action under conditions favourable to himself, or of refusing action when conditions were adverse. Von Spee, with his carefully chosen homogeneous squadron, all comparatively new and well-armed cruisers, all of about the same speed of twenty-one or twenty-two knots, all trained to a hair by constant work together during a three years' commission, had under his hand an engine of war perfect of its kind. He could be sure of getting the utmost out of co-operative efforts. The most powerful in guns of the English vessels was the battleship *Canopus*, which, when the action off Coronel was fought, was in the Straits of Magellan 200 miles away to the south. She bore four 12-inch guns in barbettes—in addition to twelve sixes—but she was fourteen years old and could not raise more than about thirteen to fourteen knots except for an occasional burst. Any one of von Spee's ships, with 50 per cent. more speed, could have made rings round her. Had Cradock waited for the *Canopus*, and set the speed of his squadron by hers, von Spee could have fought him or evaded him exactly as he pleased. 'If the English had kept their forces together,' wrote von Spee after Coronel, 'then we should certainly have got the worst of it.' This was the modest judgment of a brave man, but it is scarcely true. If the English had kept their forces together von Spee need never have fought; they would have had not the smallest chance of getting near him except by his own wish. Admiral Cradock flew his flag in the armoured cruiser *Good Hope*, which, though of 14,000 tons and 520 feet long, had only two guns of bigger calibre than 6-inch. These were of 9·2 inches, throwing a shell of 380 lb., but the guns, like the ship, were twelve years old. Her speed was about seventeen knots, four or five knots less than that of the German cruisers she had come to chase! The *Monmouth*, of the 'County Class,' was as obsolete as the *Good Hope*. Eleven years old, of nearly 10,000 tons, she carried nothing better than fourteen 6-inch guns of bygone pattern. She may have been good for a knot or two more than the *Good Hope*, but her cruising and fighting speed was, of course, that of the flagship.

The one effective ship of the whole squadron was the *Glasgow*, which curiously enough is the sole survivor now of the Coronel action, either German or English. Out of the eight warships which fought there off the Chilian coast on November 1, 1914, five German

and three English, the *Glasgow* alone remains afloat. She is a modern light cruiser, first commissioned in 1911. The *Glasgow* is light, long and lean. She showed that she could steam fully twenty-six knots and could fight her two 6-inch and ten 4-inch guns most effectively. She was a match for any one of von Spee's light cruisers, though unable to stand up to the *Scharnhorst* or *Gneisenau*. As a fast scout the *Glasgow* was invaluable, able to keep touch with the German squadron and able also to refuse action by virtue of her higher speed. The modern English Navy has been built under the modern doctrine of speed and gun-power—the *Good Hope*, *Monmouth*, and *Canopus*, the products of a bad, stupid era in naval shipbuilding, had neither speed nor gun-power. The result, the inevitable result, was the disaster of Coronel in which the English ships were completely defeated and the Germans barely scratched. The Germans had learned the lesson which we ourselves had taught them.

When one considers the two squadrons which met and fought off Coronel, in the light of experience cast by war, one feels no surprise that the action was over in fifty-two minutes. Cradock and his men, 1600 of them, fought and died.

'Sunset and evening star

And after that the dark.'

The *Glasgow* would also have been lost had she not been a new ship with speed and commanded by a man with the moral courage to use it in order to preserve his vessel and her crew for the further service of their country. Von Spee, who had the mastery of manœuvre, brought Cradock to action when and how he pleased, and emphasised for the hundredth time in naval warfare that speed and striking power and squadron training will win victory certainly, inevitably, and almost without hurt to the victors. Like the Falkland Islands action of five weeks afterwards, that off Coronel was a gun action. No torpedoes were used on either side. It was one of the last purely gun actions which will probably be fought in our time.

At the end of October the British and German squadrons were near to one another and fully informed upon the essential question of relative strengths. Von Spee knew that an old pre-Dreadnought battleship had come out from England, though he

was not sure of her class. He judged her speed to be higher than that of the *Canopus*, which, though powerfully armed, was so lame a duck that she would have been more of a hindrance than a help had Cradock joined up with her. Von Spee had an immense advantage in the greater handiness and cohesiveness of his ships. The *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were sisters, completed in 1907, and alike in all respects. Their shooting records were first-class; they were indeed the crack gunnery ships under the German ensign. Their sixteen 8·2-inch guns—eight each—fired shells of 275 lb. weight, nearly three times the weight of the 100-lb. shells fired from the 6-inch guns which formed the chief batteries of their opponents the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*. They were three months out of dock but they could still steam, as they showed at Coronel, at over twenty knots in a heavy sea. The light cruisers *Dresden*, *Leipzig*, and *Nürnberg* were not identical though very nearly alike. Their armament was the same—ten 4·1-inch guns apiece—and their speed nearly the same. The *Dresden* was the fastest as she was the newest, a sister of the famous *Emden*. None of the German light cruisers was so fast or so powerful as the *Glasgow*, but together they were much more than a match for her, just as the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* together were more than a match for the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*. When, therefore, von Spee found himself opposed to the British armoured cruisers he was under no anxiety; he had the heels of them and the guns of them; they could neither fight successfully with him nor escape from him. The speedy *Glasgow* might escape—as in fact she did—but the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* were doomed from the moment when the action was joined.

I have dwelt upon the characteristics of the rival squadrons at the risk of being wearisome since an understanding of their qualities is essential to an understanding of the action.

On October 31 the *Glasgow* put into Coronel, a small coaling port near Concepcion and to the south of Valparaiso, which was von Spee's unofficial base. He did not remain in territorial waters for more than twenty-four hours at a time, but he got what he liked from German ships in the harbour. The *Glasgow* kept in wireless touch with the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*, which were some fifty miles out at sea to the west, and von Spee picked up enough from the English wireless to know that one of our cruisers was at Coronel. At once he dispatched the *Nürnberg* to shadow the *Glasgow*, to stroll as it were unostentatiously past the little

harbour, while he with the rest of the squadron stayed out of sight to the north. In the morning of November 1 out came the *Glasgow* and made for the rendezvous where she was to join the other cruisers and the *Otranto*, an armed liner by which they were accompanied. The wireless signals passing between the watching *Nürnberg* and von Spee were in their turn picked up by the *Good Hope*, so that each squadron then knew that its enemy was not far off. Cradock, an English seaman of the best type, determined to seek out the Germans, though he must have known of their superiority of force. He spread out his vessels fan-wise in the early afternoon and ordered them to steam in this fashion at fifteen knots to the north-east.

At twenty minutes past four the nearest ships on either side began to sight one another. When the *Scharnhorst*, von Spee's flagship, first saw the *Glasgow* and *Monmouth* they were far off to the west-south-west and had to wait for more than half an hour until the *Good Hope*, which was still farther out to the west, could join hands with them. Meanwhile the German ships, which were also spread out, had concentrated on the *Scharnhorst*. They were the *Gneisenau*, *Dresden*, and *Leipzig*, for the *Nürnberg* had not returned from her watching duties. Cradock, who saw at once that the Germans were getting between his ships and the Chilian coast, and that he would be at a grave disadvantage by being silhouetted against the western sky, tried to work in towards the land. But von Spee, grasping his enemy's purpose, set the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* going at twenty knots due south against a heavy sea and forced himself between Cradock and the coast. When the two light cruisers drew up, the four German ships fell into line parallel with the English cruisers and between them and the land. All these preliminary manœuvres were put through while the two squadrons were still twelve miles apart, and they determined the issue of the subsequent action. For von Spee, having thrust the English against the background of the declining sun and being able, with his greater speed, to hold them in this position and to decide absolutely the moment when the firing should begin, had effectively won the action before a shot had been fired. So long as the sun was above the horizon the German ships were lighted up and would have made admirable marks could Cradock have got within range. But von Spee had no intention of letting him get within range until the sun had actually set and had ceased to give light to Cradock's gunners. His own men for an hour after-

wards could see the English ships standing out as clearly as black paper outlines stuck upon a yellow canvas screen. 'I had manœuvred,' wrote von Spee to a friend on the day following the action, 'so that the sun in the west could not disturb me. . . . When we were about five miles off I ordered the firing to commence. The battle had begun, and with a few changes, of course, I led the line quite calmly.' He might well be calm. The greater speed of his squadron had enabled him to out-manceuvre the English ships, and to wait until the sunset gave him a perfect mark and the English no mark at all. He might well be calm. Darkness everywhere, except in the western sky behind Cradock's ships, came down very quickly, the nearly full moon was not yet up, the night was fine except for scuds of rain at intervals. Between seven and eight o'clock—between sunset and moonrise—von Spee had a full hour in which to do his work, and he made the fullest use of the time. At three minutes past seven he began to fire, when the range was between five and six miles, and he hit the *Good Hope* at the second salvo. His consort the *Gneisenau* did the same with the *Monmouth*. It was fine shooting, but not extraordinary, for the German cruisers were crack ships and the marks were perfect. At the third salvo both the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* burst into flames forrard, and remained on fire, for German shell rained on them continually. They could rarely see to reply and never replied effectively. Yet they fought as best they could. Von Spee slowly closed in and the torrent of heavy shell became more and more bitter. We have no record of the action from the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*, for not a man was saved from either ship. The *Glasgow*, which, after the *Otranto* had properly made off early in the action—she was not built for hot naval work—had both the *Dresden* and the *Leipzig* to look after, could tell only of her own experiences. Captain Luce in quiet sea service fashion has brought home to us what they were. 'Though it was most trying to receive a great volume of fire without a chance of returning it adequately, all kept perfectly cool, there was no wild firing, and discipline was the same as at battle practice. When a target ceased to be visible gunlayers simultaneously ceased fire.' Yet the crews of active ratings and reservists struggled gamely to the end. It came swiftly and mercifully.

We have detailed accounts of the action from the German side, of which the best was written by von Spee himself on the following day. There is nothing of boasting or vainglory about

his simple story ; though the man was German he seems to have been white all through. I have heard much of him from those who knew him intimately, and willingly accept his narrative as a plain statement of fact. Given the conditions, the speed and powers of the opposing squadrons, the skilful preliminary manœuvres of von Spee before a shot was fired, and the veil of darkness which hid the German ships from the luckless English gunners, the result, as von Spee reveals it, was inevitable. He held his fire until after sunset, and then closing in to about ten thousand yards—a little over five miles—gave the order to begin. He himself led the line in the *Scharnhorst* and engaged the *Good Hope*, the *Gneisenau* following him took the *Monmouth* as her opposite number. The *Leipzig* engaged the *Glasgow*, and the *Dresden* the *Otranto*. The shell from the 8·2-inch batteries of the German armoured cruisers—each could use six guns on a broadside—got home at the second salvo and the range was kept without apparent difficulty. The fires which almost immediately broke out in the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* gave much aid to the German gunners, who, when the quick darkness of the southern night came down, were spared the use of their searchlights. ‘As the two big enemy ships were in flames,’ writes one careful German observer, ‘we were able to economise our searchlights.’ Then, closing in to about 5000 yards, von Spee poured in a terrific fire so rapid and sustained that he shot away nearly half his ammunition. After fifty-two minutes from the firing of the first shell the *Good Hope* blew up. ‘She looked,’ wrote von Spee, ‘like a splendid firework display against a dark sky. The glowing white flames, mingled with bright green stars, shot up to a great height.’ Cradock’s flagship then sank, though von Spee thought for long afterwards that she was still afloat. The *Otranto* had made her escape, but the *Monmouth*, which could not get away, and the *Glasgow*—which at any moment could have shown the enemy her heels—still continued the unequal fight. The night had become quite dark, the flames in the *Monmouth* had burned out or been extinguished, and the Germans had lost sight of their prey. The *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* worked round to the south, and the *Leipzig* and *Dresden* were sent curving to the north and west, in order to keep the English ships away from the shelter of the land. Just then the light cruiser *Nürnberg*, which had been sent upon the scouting expedition of which I have told, arrived upon the scene of action and encountered the crippled *Monmouth*. Had the English cruiser been undamaged,

she could soon have disposed of this new combatant, but she was listing heavily and unable to use her guns. Running up close the *Nürnberg* poured in a broadside which sent the *Monmouth* to the bottom. The *Glasgow*, badly damaged above water, but still full of speed and mettle, could do no more. The big German cruisers were coming up. Her captain took the only possible course. Just before the stricken *Monmouth* disappeared under the waves he made off at full speed. Three cheers from the sailors of the *Monmouth* followed him.

No one was picked up, either from the *Good Hope* or the *Monmouth*. Von Spee, who was not the man to neglect the rescue of his drowning enemies, gives an explanation. He was far from the *Good Hope* when she blew up, but the *Nürnberg* was quite close to the foundering *Monmouth*; why was no attempt made at rescue in her case at least? It was dark and there was a heavy sea running, but the risks of a rescue are not sufficient to excuse the absence of any attempt. The *Nürnberg* had not been in the main action, she was flying up, knowing nothing of what had occurred, when she met and sank the *Monmouth*. Her captain saw other big ships approaching and thought that one of them was the *Good Hope*. This is von Spee's excuse for the omission of his subordinate to put out boats—or even life lines—but one suspects that the captain of the *Nürnberg* had a bad quarter of an hour when next he met his chief.

The German squadron was undamaged, scarcely touched. Three men were wounded by splinters in the *Gneisenau*. That is the whole casualty list. One 6-inch shell went through the deck of the *Scharnhorst* but did not explode—the 'creature just lay down' and went to sleep. 'It lay there,' writes von Spee, 'as a kind of greeting.' The light German cruisers were not touched at all. But though the German squadron had come through the fight unharmed, it had ceased to be of much account in a future battle. The silly bombardment of Tahiti, and the action off Coronel, had so depleted the once overflowing magazines that not half the proper number of rounds were left for the guns. No fresh supplies could be obtained. Von Spee could fight again, but he could not have won again had he been opposed to much lighter metal than that which overwhelmed him a few weeks later off the Falkland Islands.

On the second day after the action von Spee returned to Valparaiso. Though his own ship had fought with the *Good Hope*

and he had seen her blow up he did not know for certain what had become of her. This well illustrates the small value of observers' estimates of damage done to opponents during the confusion of even the simplest of naval fights. Distances are so great and light is so variable. The destruction of the *Monmouth* was known, but not that of the *Good Hope*. So von Spee made for Valparaiso to find out if the English flagship had sought shelter there. Incidentally he took with him the first news of his victory, and the large German colony in the Chilian city burned to celebrate the occasion in characteristic fashion. But von Spee gave little encouragement. He was under no illusions. He fully realised the power of the English Navy and that his own existence and that of his squadron would speedily be determined. He 'absolutely refused' to be celebrated as national hero, and at the German club, where he spent an hour and a half, declined to drink a toast directed in offensive terms against his English enemies. In his conduct of the fights with our ships, in his orders, in his private letters, Admiral von Spee stands out as a simple honest gentleman.

He was a man not very energetic. Though forcible in action and a most skilful naval tactician, he does not seem to have had any plans for the general handling of his squadron. If an enemy turned up he fought him, but he did not go out of his way to seek after him. He dawdled about among the Pacific Islands and off the Chilian coast during September and October, and, after Coronel, he lingered in and out of Valparaiso doing nothing. He must have known that England would not sit down in idle lamentation, but he did nothing to anticipate and defeat her plans for his destruction. His shortage of ammunition caused him to forbid the commerce raiding which appealed to the officers of his light cruisers, and probably the same weakness made him reluctant to seek any other adventures. For five weeks he made no attempt even to raid the Falkland Islands which lay helplessly expecting his stroke, and when at last he started out by the long safe southern route round the Horn, it was to walk into the mouth of the avenging English squadron which had been gathered there to receive him. One thing is quite certain: he heard no whisper of the English plans and expected to meet nothing at the Falkland Islands more formidable than the *Canopus*, the *Glasgow*, and perhaps one or two 'County Class' cruisers, such as the *Cornwall* or *Kent*. He never expected to be crunched in the savage jaws of two battle cruisers!

While this kindly rather indolent German Admiral was marking

time off the Chilian coast, the squadron which was to avenge the blunder of Coronel was assembling from the ends of the earth towards the appointed rendezvous off Rio de Janeiro. The *Bristol*, a sister of the *Glasgow*, came in from a long cruise in the West Indies, during which she had met and exchanged harmless shots with another German wanderer, the *Karlsruhe*. The *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, and *Carnarvon* were racing down from the north. The *Cornwall* and *Kent*, burning to show that even 'County' cruisers were not wholly useless in battle, drew in from the wide Pacific spaces. The poor old *Canopus* and the *Glasgow* had foregathered at Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands on November 8, but were immediately ordered north to Montevideo to meet the other cruisers on the passage south. They left in accordance with these orders, but before they could reach Montevideo were turned back by wireless, so that Port Stanley might have some naval protection against the expected von Spee raid. Here the *Canopus* was put aground in the mud, painted in futurist colours, and converted into a land fort. With her four 12-inch guns she could at least have made the inner harbour impassable to the Germans. Concentration was complete upon the evening of December 7. All the English ships, to which had been committed the destruction of von Spee, had reached the Falkland Islands. The stage was set and the curtain about to go up upon the second and final act of the Pacific drama. Upon the early morning of the following day, as if in response to a call by Fate, von Spee and his squadron arrived. After five weeks of delay he had at last made up his mind to strike.

THE WAR-SAVING IDEA.

ONE of the miracles wrought by the war is the new light in which it has put the notion of saving before the British public. Hitherto, thrift has been in the public mind quite the most unattractive of the virtues recommended by the copy-book. The open-handed, generous wight who scattered money—his own or other people's—and took no thought for the morrow is much pleasanter to meet and deal with than the cautious thrifty soul who takes Mr. Micawber's great maxim to heart (which Mr. Micawber never did himself). He

'conjured me,' wrote David Copperfield, 'to take warning by his fate; and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds for his income and spent nineteen shillings and sixpence he would be happy, but that if he spent twenty pounds one, he would be miserable. After which he borrowed a shilling of me for porter, gave me a written order on Mrs. Micawber for the amount, and put away his pocket handkerchief and cheered up.'

Among the so-called lower classes the whole subject of thrift is, or used to be, regarded with the strongest suspicion and resentment, largely because it was chiefly associated in their minds with lectures, delivered by people who had a plentiful share of the comforts of life to those who were short of its necessities, on the fact that the latter would be better off if they took more care of their money. Which was quite true, but the difference in the circumstances of the lecturers and lecturees gave an appearance of incongruity to the lecturing process.

Now there was a good deal of sound reason for this prejudice against saving and savers. Saving was generally done for purely selfish motives and often for mean and timorous ones. People put money by because they wanted to get on in the world, or for fear of a rainy day; they played for safety and did not want to give Fortune a chance of catching them unawares; and so their thrifty conduct contrasted unfavourably with the bold confidence in themselves, and in Providence, of those who spent what they got readily and freely, trusting always to be able to make both ends meet. At first sight—and popular opinion generally judges at first sight, or with only half a sight—these latter are the nobler

and braver fighters of life's battle. But in fact, such are 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' to which we are all subject, that this cheerful confidence is very apt to be tripped up by the heels, and then the generous fighter who has spent all that he got is bound to live on somebody else until he has picked himself up again; and so his generosity becomes mendicity and he no longer pulls his weight in the economic boat, but is a passenger or a stow-away, and a charge on those who are doing the work of the world.

Moreover, the saver, though he often, perhaps generally, did not know it, is essential to economic progress. He is one of the examples in which the old doctrine, so often wrong, which teaches that those who pursue their own interest will promote the general interest, was and is absolutely right. If we all spent all that we got we should be like a nation of farmers who ate up all the wheat that they grew, keeping none of it for seed. Next year they could grow no wheat. The saver continually refrains from consuming all the goods to which his income entitles him, and devotes some of them to improving the world's equipment. He does so, in most cases, because he wants to grow richer, and prefers to spend his money, not on jollification and amusement, but on an investment which will bring him in interest and be available in case of mishap. But the effect of his making the investment, in normal times of peace, is that he has helped to build a railway or a factory or a ship, or to clear waste places of the earth for tillage, and so has increased the power of mankind to make and grow the things that are wanted and to carry them to the places where they are needed. If there were no saving this process, by which the productive power of man is continually growing, could not be kept at work. And so the saver, if his money is well invested in the machinery of production, leaves the world richer than he found it, and in seeking wealth and security for himself, has furthered the material good of mankind, which, if well used, will help mankind's progress in matters that are more important than material good.

This fact of the national and world-wide service rendered by the saver was, of course, laid down or implied in the works of the great economists; but these works, which are not always conspicuous for lucidity, are little studied by the general public. In the year before the war I had made a small effort, in a book called 'Poverty and Waste,' to express, in a way that would be clear to ordinary folk, the fact that spending on oneself,—beyond the point necessary for health and full development of the faculties of mind and body—

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restricts the supply of capital and, consequently, the demand for labour, raises the prices of necessities and makes the hard lot of the poor still harder. But in the days before the war, such a book did not appeal to a wide circle of readers, and it was accused of having put forward an ideal which would reduce our daily diet to a handful of parched peas. In those days the public, in all classes, was deeply convinced of that hoary old fallacy that made it think that spending money, anyhow and on anything that it chose to fancy, was 'good for trade,' 'gave employment,' and 'circulated money.' And the worst of this tough old fallacy, which has been such a ponderous drag on the world's economic and moral progress, is that there is enough truth in it to make it really difficult to stamp out.

Of course it is true that it is almost impossible to spend money without giving employment, and quite impossible to spend it without circulating it, which merely means, handing it over to somebody else; and, in a sense, the process is bound to be good for some sort of a trade. If it suddenly became the fashion for us all to carry paper parasols, the people who made them would certainly be employed, the money that we spent on them would be circulated, the paper parasol trade would be stimulated into great activity, and the community would be 'benefited' by gratifying a whim which would be quite as sensible as many of the others that fashion imposes on it. But when the whim was dead, and the parasols had gone into the wastepaper-basket, all the work that had been put into them would be in the same receptacle. Whereas, if the same amount of money and work had been put into building a factory, or any of the other objects into which invested savings go, just as much employment would have been given, the same amount of money would have been circulated, all the trades that would have been called on to build and equip the factory would have been made busier, and at the end of the process there would have been a nice new up-to-date factory, turning out goods and employing labour for all time, until it was replaced by a better one. Mankind's material equipment would have been improved, and economic progress would have been furthered. But this aspect of the question was, of course, a sealed book to the general public, whose economic education was rather worse than a blank, and even if it had been recognised would probably have been very largely ignored; because the temper and spirit that prevailed before the war would have been likely to lead most people to argue that furthering economic pro-

gress was not their business, and that if they liked to spend their money on 'having a good time,' they had a perfect right to do so; and they could have appealed to the example set by great captains of industry, who are commonly supposed to understand about these things, especially the case of one who laid waste farms in Surrey to make a deer park, and so, for his own pleasure, deliberately reduced the world's economic efficiency. Private extravagance, and a so-called 'standard of comfort' that was far beyond anything dreamt of by our fathers and grandfathers (who nevertheless probably lived lives that were in many ways much more comfortable than ours), had set a fashion in these matters that was causing serious evil, and was on its way, if unchecked, to cause worse.

Then came the war and checked it in some places and promoted it in others. Certain forms of private extravagance have been killed, and a very large number of people have been induced or compelled, by patriotic feeling, taxation or high prices, to consume much less of the country's energy in supplying themselves with things that they used to enjoy, or think that they enjoyed. But the important thing is that that hoary old fallacy about spending has been, at least for the period of the war, thrown on the dustbin by a great many people who used to cherish it, and now see that spending on themselves money that ought to go into furnishing the means of victory to our troops and sailors is a wicked thing to do at a time of national crisis. The process of education has been slow and difficult, and has had to fight against a great mass of ignorant prejudice and a certain amount of hostility on the part of those whose interests were threatened by it; but a highly successful missionary effort has been made, and economic education has been spread in a manner that still leaves much to be desired, but may well astonish and gratify those who have worked hardest in its service.

In the early days of the war the cry was all in the other key. Most of us thought that the war would be short. One may doubt whether even Lord Kitchener, who had fewer delusions on the subject than anybody else, foresaw that we should have to put something like ten millions of our population either into the fighting line, or into training for it, or into making and carrying things wanted for the war. There was general fear of unemployment, and we were—quite rightly on this view of the conditions—urged to do 'business as usual,' so that industry might be as little as possible disorganised. It was not until the war had been going on for

many months that it began to dawn on us that there was not enough labour and energy to supply all that the fighting forces needed, and at the same time supply us with the comforts and pleasures of peace. Mr. Lloyd George in his second War Budget, in April 1915, laid some stress on the need for reduction of consumption by the civilian population, but made no attempt to enforce it by the imposition of a single halfpennyworth of extra taxation. It was in June of that year that the War Savings campaign began in earnest with a great meeting at the Guildhall, which was addressed by Mr. Asquith, the then Prime Minister, and by Mr. Bonar Law, the late leader of the Opposition, and others. It is interesting to recall that in the opinion of many of those present Mr. Bonar Law made the speech of the day on that occasion, so anticipating his success in the great War Loan of January 1917. At the same time the first, or Parliamentary, War Savings Committee was established, which was, in fact, practically the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee under another name. This Committee was almost entirely composed of members of Parliament, and it worked through the political organisations all over the country. This was not altogether in its favour, though it was thus provided with a ready-made machinery, because many people have a prejudice against politicians and their organisations, and though the Committee worked hard its members had many other things to do, and they were in some quarters suspected of being not too enthusiastic preachers of a doctrine that was calculated to hurt the tradesmen in their constituencies. It did good work in popularising Mr. McKenna's $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan, but the ideal form of investment for the small investor had not then been found; the Loan was at a discount before it came out and has remained so practically ever since, and the Committee thus had uphill work in its campaign.

Moreover, the public was very sceptical about the whole business. It was being urged to save every shilling that it could, so that money might be available for the war, and that the labour and energy required to supply war's needs might be set free through the reduction of its consumption of things that labour and energy were required to produce. But it noted, or the Press noted and pointed out to it, that the distinguished exponents of economy at the Guildhall meeting were supported by a very elaborately dressed crowd, which arrived in handsomely appointed equipages. And later on Mr. Asquith's daughter was married and received a large number of very beautiful presents, all of which were

described in the papers, and there was a Guildhall banquet with all the usual trimmings. So that, whenever the apostles of war saving tried to urge this national duty at meetings, they were likely to have a (real or imaginary) diamond star that had been given to Miss Asquith, or the Guildhall *menu* with all its variety of wines, thrown at their heads, and were generally told that if the Government wanted people to save, its members might begin by setting an example.

So the movement went forward with difficulty, and in the meantime a body called the United Workers had been formed, by the group of earnest thinkers who publish the *Round Table Magazine*, to try to bring home to the public all that the war required of it. Mr. Stewart, the Public Trustee, was its chairman, and it took up the War Savings movement with vigour, holding weekly meetings at which the economics of the thing were explained to people who were willing to practise and preach it. Thus an atmosphere was created, with the help of the newspapers, which with few exceptions gave excellent support to the movement, in spite of its adverse reaction on the interests of their best advertisers. But atmosphere without organisation is of little avail, and organisation was only at last evolved when the National War Savings Committee was appointed and got fairly into its stride.

It was preceded by a Committee on War Loans for the Small Investor, appointed by Mr. McKenna in November 1915, and usually called the Montagu Committee, being presided over by Mr. E. S. Montagu, then Financial Secretary. It made an all-important contribution to the movement by inventing an ideal form of security for small investors, the War Savings Certificate as it is now called, the well-known 15s. 6d. investment that can be realised in full at any time (so meeting a natural prejudice on the part of those who like to feel sure that they can always get their money back), and if left to itself grows into £1 in five years. The Montagu Committee also advised the appointment of two Committees, which were subsequently merged into one, to carry on propaganda work, to organise War Savings Associations, and to devise schemes of saving for them to use, suitable to their requirements. The one Committee which was amalgamated out of the pair that started on this work is the National War Savings Committee, which has done a truly marvellous feat in spreading the doctrine of war saving, and may fairly claim to have done the lion's share of the work which resulted in the splendid success of the War Loan. Though

a member of this Committee I can write thus freely and frankly of its achievements, since I had little or nothing to do with them. Organisation was the secret of its victory, and on that side of its work I did nothing. Its chairman, Mr. R. M. Kindersley, brought practical business ability, tremendous driving power and unbounded devotion to bear on the problem, and the Committee soon had spread a network of keen workers all over the country; it has now (May 7) affiliated to itself, through local Committees, more than 33,000 War Saving Associations, and the great feature of the great War Loan, more important even than the huge sum raised, namely the fact that the subscribers to it numbered over five and a quarter millions (against just over a million who subscribed to the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan), may fairly be ascribed to the work of this Committee, and of its devoted band of missionaries throughout the towns and counties of England. Its first annual Report [Cd. 8516] can be bought for 3d. and is well worth studying by those who are interested in a movement which may have incalculable social effects. It sums up the Committee's work by saying that it

'from the first, both in literature issued and in the general propaganda, has been careful to explain in the simplest manner, the fundamental economic reasons which call for abstention from unnecessary expenditure by all during the war; and it is to this appeal to intelligence rather than to sentiment alone that we attribute the wide-spread support which the War Savings movement has received.'

It has taught the country an economic lesson, by inducing thousands of people to think of war finance in terms not of money, but of goods and services; showing them that it is not a matter of money—if money were all, the Government could print notes and it would be done—but of providing the needs of those who are fighting for us; that this can only be done if we go without things, so that those who were providing things for us can be set free to make and do things for our fighters, or to make and do things for foreigners, to be exchanged for the things that they are making and doing for our fighters.

This doctrine, of refraining from unnecessary spending on ourselves, so that we may turn the stream of goods and services into a channel where it is needed for a national crisis, has been widely spread, but much still has to be done. One still meets people who

think that by financial juggling and the manufacture of credit war's economic problem can be met, and that they are justified in spending as usual on themselves, heedless of the fact that thereby they set people to work for them, who ought to be working for the nation, and that there are not enough people to do all that is wanted for the nation. It is still the duty of everyone who sees the truth of these platitudes to bring it home to as many people as possible, and to practise and preach the self-denial that this perception prompts.

And for the future? The duty of saving for a national crisis will last long after the war. The restriction of wasteful spending will be, in fact, a duty until capital has been so cheapened, and the supply of necessities has been made so plentiful, that destitution no longer disgraces our economic civilisation. The organisation of the War Savings Committee has provided an economic army which it would be a thousand pities to disband when the fighting army has done its work and given us victory in the field.

HARTLEY WITHERS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ADVOCATE.

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

OF the log-cabin life of Abraham Lincoln from his birth in 1809 to his election for Legislature in 1834 every schoolboy knows something. The stories of the heroism of his early life are parables in cottage homes on both sides of the Atlantic. In the same way everyone is familiar with the great drama of his career as President, with its terrible scenes of war and final tragedy of murder. Told and retold in memoirs, histories, poetry, and fiction, there is already a halo of literature around Lincoln that only shines on the great figures of the world.

It is somewhat surprising that—in this country, at all events—so little is known about his career as an advocate which from 1836 to 1860 occupied the best years of his life. Joseph Choate, speaking at Edinburgh, told us: 'I lay great stress on Lincoln's career as a lawyer—much more than his biographers do; I am sure his training and experience in the Courts had much to do with the development of those forces of intellect and character which he soon displayed in a wider area.' Our good ambassador was right, but he did not trouble us with the reason of this neglect, though no doubt his critical insight had diagnosed it. The fact is that it is distasteful to the average man to find that his hero is a lawyer, and Lincoln's biographers and historians, who with true literary instinct please to write and write to please, have allowed his twenty-four years of professional life to become a colourless background to the stirring story of his political career that they may please the groundlings who have a high-souled hatred of the lawyer politician. Although we may not go all the way with an American writer who says 'If Abraham Lincoln had not commenced lawyer he would not have concluded President,' yet the story of his professional life must contribute to our power of appreciating the character of the man and to a better understanding of the circumstances in which his genius was able to take root and flourish.

To a writer on the disadvantages of education, Abraham Lincoln is a human text. His schooling was of the scantiest. At some time or another every man must become his own schoolmaster if he seeks education. Abraham Lincoln began at once, and continued directing his own studies all the days of his life. At the

age of fourteen fortune had endowed him with the Bible, *Æsop's Fables*, 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Pilgrim's Progress.' There was also a 'History of the United States' and a 'Life of Washington.' He not only read his library, but he learnt it by heart. You can trace in his writings the directness and simplicity of Defoe and Bunyan, his love of apt parable may have been derived from *Æsop*, and the Bible confirmed his natural instinct for right action and strengthened his passionate love of honesty.

From the earliest he was an ardent student. He collected every scrap of paper he could find to make a commonplace book of extracts from volumes lent to him to read. He studied in the fields, under the trees, and by the waning firelight when all were asleep. His notebook was the boarded wall of the cabin, his stylograph a lump of chalk. An old farmer recalls him sitting barefoot on a wood pile reading a book. This being such an extraordinary proceeding for a farm hand, he asked him what he was reading.

'I'm not reading,' replied Lincoln, 'I'm studying.'

'Studying what?' asked the farmer.

'Law, sir,' was the dignified reply.

'Great God Almighty!' ejaculated the farmer in an outburst of stupefied piety, and went his way in amazement.

But years afterwards he was the honoured possessor of a true story of a great hero, and biographers made pilgrimages to hear the old man tell it.

In 1833 a disastrous partnership in a small store came to an untimely end, leaving Lincoln with a legacy of debt which he honourably paid off in succeeding years. He was now four-and-twenty, and the only asset of the business he retained was a copy of 'Blackstone's Commentaries,' which he had found at the bottom of a barrel of household *débris* which the firm had purchased at a sale. He borrowed other law books, and is said at this time to have possessed an old volume of Indiana statutes which he learned by heart and used to quote effectively in later years. He acted as a sort of 'next friend' to parties before the local justices of the peace, and drew mortgages and contracts for his neighbours, though he does not seem to have received pay for these services. It was the only apprenticeship to the law that he could afford, and he became an articulated clerk to himself, so to speak.

By turns he was a store clerk, surveyor, and postmaster at New Salem, until 1834, when he was elected to the Legislature, and had

to borrow two hundred dollars to buy clothing to be fit for his new dignity. On March 24, 1836, he became legally qualified to practise the law, and left New Salem to settle in the county town of Springfield, and entered into partnership with a lawyer from Kentucky, J. T. Stuart, who had already shown him much kindness.

The story of his coming to Springfield is told by his friend Joshua Speed, a prosperous young merchant of the town, to whom he went on his first arrival.

'He had ridden into the town,' writes Speed, 'on a borrowed horse and engaged from the only cabinet-maker in the village a single bedstead. He came on to my store, set his saddle-bags on the counter, and inquired what the furniture of a single bedstead would cost. I took slate and pencil, made a calculation, and found the sum for furniture complete would amount to seventeen dollars in all.

'Said he, "It is probably cheap enough; but I want to say that cheap as it is I have not the money to pay, but if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment here as a lawyer is a success, I will pay you then. If I fail in that, I will probably never pay you at all."

The good Speed was so touched by the melancholy tones in which he spoke of possible failure that he offered him a share of his own room, which contained a large double bed.

'Where is your room?' asked Lincoln.

'Upstairs,' said his friend, pointing to a stairway that led out of the store.

Lincoln hitched up his saddle-bags, ran upstairs, and took possession of his room, returning in a few moments, smiling contentedly, and announced 'Well, Speed, I'm moved.'

One of Speed's store clerks was William H. Herndon, for whom Lincoln had a great affection. He also slept in the big room over the store, and the three young friends were all earnest in politics, study, and debate. On leaving Stuart, Lincoln became partner with Stephen T. Logan for a few years, until both were running for Congress, when they parted in a friendly spirit, and Lincoln was on his own. It was then, in 1845, that he proposed to his young friend Herndon that he should come into partnership with him. The young man hung back on the ground of want of practice and inexperience, but Lincoln clinched the matter in his kindly, masterful way, saying: 'Billy, I can trust you, if you will trust me.' Billy and Abraham were Jonathan and David through

sixteen years of practice in the law, and it is through his junior partner's reminiscences that we gain the most intimate picture of Lincoln the advocate.

To appreciate fairly the powers of Lincoln among the lawyers of his day, we must not forget how different were the circumstances of the administration of justice from anything we have experienced. Lincoln had seen even rougher courts of justice than those he practised in. We know that as a lad he used to haunt the Boonville Court-house whenever a trial was forward, and years afterwards, at the White House, reminded Breckenridge the advocate that he had heard him defend a murderer there. 'I concluded,' said Lincoln, 'that if I could ever make as good a speech as that, my soul would be satisfied, for it was the best I had ever heard.' In these earliest days the Court-house was merely a log hut, and the hunters and trappers who formed the jury retired into the woods to consider their verdict.

Mr. Hill, in his admirable essay on 'Lincoln the Lawyer'—a book too little known in this country—reports the address of a learned judge to the prisoner in 'The People v. Green' to illustrate the manners of pioneer justice. 'Mr. Green,' began the learned judge very politely, '*the jury* in their verdict say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. Now, I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not *I* who condemn you, but the *jury* and the *law*. Mr. Green, the law allows you time for preparation, so the Court wants to know what time you would like to be hung.'

The prisoner 'allowed' it made no difference to him, but His Honour did not appreciate this freedom of action.

'Mr. Green, you must know it is a very serious matter to be hung,' he protested uneasily. 'You'd better take all the time you can get. The Court will give you until this day four weeks.'

The prosecutor thought this but a tame ending, and reminded the judge that the correct thing was to pronounce a formal sentence and exhort the prisoner to repentance.

'Not at all,' interrupted the judge. 'Mr. Green understands the whole matter as if I had preached to him for a month. He knows he's got to be hung this day four weeks. You understand it that way, don't you?'

Mr. Green nodded, and the Court adjourned.

Rough and ready as the formalities of justice might be, it was very necessary in the judge's own interest to make it clear that what

he was administering was really law. Too much learning was apt to puzzle a backwoodsman jury, and Mr. Hill has another contemporary story of a foreman who returned to a learned judge to say his jury could not agree on their verdict, and on being asked what the trouble was, replied: 'Judge, this 'ere is the difficulty. The jury want to know if that thar what you told us was r'al'y the law or on'y jist your notion.'

Even when Lincoln joined the Illinois Bar the courts were very primitive. The judge sat on a raised platform with a pine or white wood board on which to write his notes. There was a small table on one side for the clerk, and a larger one, sometimes covered with green baize, for the lawyers who sat around and rested their feet on it. There were few law books. The Revised Statutes, the Illinois Form Book, and a few text-books might be found in most towns, but there were no extensive law libraries anywhere. From one Court-house to another the judge drove in a gig or buggy, the Bar following for the most part on horseback, with a clean shirt and one or two elementary law books in their saddle-bags. Some too poor to ride tramped the circuit on foot, but as there were many horse-thieves to defend, and a horse was a well-recognised fee, it was not long before a young man of ability was mounted.

Such was the circuit when Lincoln first joined it. He was then twenty-seven years of age, 'six feet four inches in height, awkward, ungainly, and apparently shy. He was dressed in ill-fitting homespun clothes, the trousers a little too short and the coat a trifle too large. He had the appearance of a rustic on his first visit to the circus.' He kept his bank-book and the bulk of his letters in his hat, a silk plug, and a memo would be jotted down on paper and stuck in the lining of his hat. No wonder Stanton, the courtly advocate of Chicago, sneered contemptuously at the 'long-armed creature from Illinois,' though he learned in the end to admire and respect him.

But the public recognised his capacity at once. In spite of physical and social drawbacks, Lincoln as an advocate was an immediate success. He was soon on one side or the other in every important case, and was pointed out to strangers by proud citizens of Springfield as 'Abe Lincoln, the first lawyer of Illinois!' He was a great favourite not only with the public, but with his fellow-lawyers on circuit. Although he never drank intoxicating liquor, and did not smoke or chew tobacco, he was fond of a horse-race or a cock-fight, and when addressing his fellow-countrymen drew

his illustrations from these pursuits, as when he crushed a swaggering opponent who evaded his argument by saying that he reminded him of 'Bap McNabb's rooster, who was splendidly groomed and trained for the fight, but when he was thrown into the ring, turned tail and fled, and Bap yelled after him, "Yes, you little cuss, you're great on dress parade, but not worth a damn in a fight!"'

A further reason for his popularity was his gift as a teller of stories and jests full of the wit and character of the free, outspoken, primitive people from whom he sprang. Foolish people have tried to record some of these things, still more foolish folk have endeavoured to prove that their hero was too pure and unspotted from the world to trifle with such nonsense. Wiser minds will recognise that since the world began the teller of a merry tale has never wanted for a jolly audience, and at the root of Lincoln's success with all sorts and conditions of men lay his gift of story-telling.

But the great qualities that brought him success as an advocate were his industry, honesty, and independence. Writing to a law student who had asked him the best method of studying law, he says: 'The mode is very simple, though laborious and tedious. It is only to get books and read and study them carefully. Work, work, work is the main thing.' He himself used to read aloud when studying, for then, he said, 'Two senses catch the idea; first I see what I read, second, I hear it, and therefore I can remember it better.' 'Billy' Herndon, his law partner—who plays the part of Boswell to his Johnson—draws a quaint picture of him at a circuit inn. 'We usually at the little country inns occupied the same bed. In most cases the beds were too short for him, and his feet would hang over the foot-board, thus exposing a limited expanse of shin bone. Placing a candle on a chair at the head of the bed, he would read and study for hours.' His studies were by no means confined to law, and he never allowed his mind to become 'case-ridden'; indeed, one of his greatest qualities was his power to stand on his own and reason out for himself the true aspects of a case apart from 'authorities.'

But the foundation of his fame and success as an advocate was his honesty. As a friendly critic said, he was 'perversely honest.' The faithful 'Billy' tells a story of his first appearance in the Supreme Court of Illinois, and quotes his words as follows:

'This is the first case I have ever had in this Court, and I have therefore examined it with great care. As the Court will perceive by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in the case

is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority to sustain my side of the case, but I have found several cases directly in point on the other side. I will now give these authorities to the Court and submit the case.'

Some biographers reject this story as improbable, and lawyers have criticised his conduct adversely. The question whether, if an advocate knows of a decided case in point against him, he ought or ought not to reveal it, has often been discussed. Joshua Williams, the Gamaliel of Real Property Law, boldly states: 'It seems to me that in principle this is no part of his duty as an advocate,' but he admits that if the judge asks him whether he knows of any case against him, he is bound to tell the truth. With all respect for so great an authority, I, for my part, am not convinced. If an advocate knows that the law is *x*, he has no right by acts of commission or omission to infer to the Court that it is *y*. I think we may accept 'Billy's' story as true, and conclude that Lincoln not only took that course, but that it was the right course to take.

As long as a lawyer is ready to forgo fees, there is no reason why he should not ride his hobby-horse of honesty to his heart's content. Lincoln and Herndon as a firm set themselves out to conduct business on unusual lines, and maybe carried their ideals very far, but they made good. It was against their principles to contest a clear matter of right. If they thought a client was in the wrong, they told him so and sent him away. Even when they came to the conclusion that a client had a good case in law, they would not take it up if the moral aspect of it was cloudy. The following letter to a proposed client states Lincoln's views on the matter in his own words:

'Yes, we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighbourhood at loggerheads, we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember, however, that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but we will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. We would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars some other way.'

Lincoln put his personal point of view very forcibly before a young law student who had qualms of conscience about joining

the profession. 'Let no young man choosing the law for a calling yield to that popular belief that honesty is not compatible with its practice. If in your judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer.'

Of necessity, therefore, Lincoln was not a successful advocate in any case unless he was convinced of its righteousness. His limitations were well known, and he was not often called upon to defend prisoners. He did everything in his power to examine carefully into his own clients' grounds of action, but clients are often self-deceivers, and are apt not to tell the whole truth to their advisers. When Lincoln found in the middle of a trial that his client had lied to him, and that justice was opposed to him, he could no longer conduct the case with enthusiasm and courage. On one occasion he was appearing for a plaintiff, and in the middle of the case evidence was brought forward showing that his client was attempting a fraud. Lincoln rose up and went to his hotel. Presently the judge sent for him, but he refused to come back, saying 'Tell the judge my hands are dirty ; I came over here to wash them.' To him the maxim, 'Come into court with clean hands,' was a command to be obeyed in spirit and letter.

This way of doing business was the only possible one for him, and he explained the necessity of taking whatever course he felt to be the right one in the following homely anecdote. He was riding on circuit and passed by a deep slough where he saw a wretched pig wallowing and struggling in the mud. It was clear to his mind that the animal could not release himself. However, the mud was deep, and Lincoln was wearing, what for him was unusual, a new suit of clothes. He rode on and left the pig to his fate. He could not get rid of the thoughts of the poor brute, and carried the picture of his death-struggle in his mind's eye. After riding on about two miles he turned back, waded into the mud, saved the pig, and spoiled his clothes. When he analysed his action, he said that this was really 'selfishness, for he certainly went to the pig's relief in order to take a pain out of his own mind.'

In the same way, to be connected in any way with dishonesty was painful to him. It is curious, therefore, that many biographers have accepted a story told about the famous Armstrong case, when he defended the son of Hannah Armstrong, who had shown him much kindness in his early days at New Salem, in which Lincoln is made the hero of as cute and wicked a deception as was ever

practised on a Court and jury. The charge was murder committed at night, and the case turned on identity. One of the witnesses who saw young Armstrong strike the fatal blow was asked by Lincoln how he managed to see so clearly, and replied, 'By the moonlight,' adding that 'the moon was about in the same place that the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning, and was almost full.' On this Lincoln called to an usher for an almanac, and on its production it appeared that the moon set at midnight and was only slightly past its first quarter.

The charge against Lincoln was that he had given the usher the almanac to have by him and that it was an almanac of the previous year. That Lincoln should have risked such a cheat, and that counsel on the other side and the judge and jury should not have discovered it, is grossly improbable, but the recollection of those present and a reference to an actual almanac show that this story, which for many years had considerable currency, is a myth. Armstrong's life was saved by Lincoln's eloquence, he was pleading for the life of a child he had rocked in the cradle, the son of a woman who had mothered him in his youth, and he threw his heart and soul into the lad's defence.

To reproduce forensic eloquence by any form of literal illustration is scarcely possible. One wants the figure, the tone, the gesture, the crowded Court-house, the magnetic sympathy of the audience, the impassive attention of the jury, and the dramatic suspense of the moment. It is the capacity to turn all these things to account that produces forensic eloquence. Herndon describes a triumph of Lincoln on behalf of the widow of a revolutionary soldier. The defendant was a rascally agent who had pocketed half her pension by way of fee. The whole speech was a very eloquent appeal, and the final words to the jury, if you read them aloud that they may catch the ear, have the ring of sound advocacy in them. 'Time rolls by; the heroes of "seventy-six" have passed away and are encamped on the other shore. The soldier has gone to rest; and now, crippled, blinded, and broken, his widow comes to you and to me, gentlemen of the jury, to right her wrongs. She was not always thus. She was once a beautiful woman. Her step was as elastic, her face as fair and her voice as sweet, as any that rang in the mountains of old Virginia. But now she is poor and defenceless out here on the prairies of Illinois, many hundreds of miles away from the scenes of her childhood. She appeals to us who enjoy the privileges achieved for us by the patriots of the

Revolution for our sympathetic aid and manly protection. All I ask is, Shall we befriend her ?'

The poor old lady obtained judgment, Lincoln paid her hotel bill, and sent her home rejoicing and free of all expense. The notes from which he spoke give us an interesting peep behind the scenes into the machinery of advocacy. They run thus : ' No contract—money obtained by Defendant not given by Plaintiff—Revolutionary War—Describe Valley Forge privations—Ice—Soldiers' bleeding feet—Plaintiff's husband, soldier leaving home for army—Skin Defendant ! Close !' As a delighted contemporary remarked : ' When Abe set out to skin a defendant it was some !'

Although he did not rise to the extraordinary heights of vituperation to which O'Connell soared, he was a dangerous man to insult. Forquer, once a Whig, but then a Democrat and office-holder, built himself the finest house in Springfield and decorated it with the first lightning-rod that had ever been seen in the county. He had been abusing Lincoln as a young man who wanted taking down, and when Lincoln's turn came he appealed to the audience : ' It is for you, not for me, to say whether I am up or down. This gentleman has alluded to my being a young man. I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction as a politician, but I would rather die now than like this gentleman live to see the day when I should have to erect a lightning-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God.'

He never talked over the heads of the jury. He led them along with him. He was lucid and fair in statement and his skill lay in 'conducting a common mind along the chain of his logic to his own conclusion.' He grasped the great essential in advocacy, that you must not only know the real point of your own case, but that as a rule it lies in a very narrow compass, and that your main duty is not to lose sight of it yourself and never let the Court and jury get away from it. A new generation wanting to know by what trick Lincoln gained so many verdicts was enlightened by an old colleague who replied ' He instinctively saw the kernel of every case at the outset, never lost sight of it, and never let it escape the jury.' That, he said triumphantly, ' was the only trick I ever saw him play.' His powers of homely humorous illustrations often set the courts in a roar. When Lincoln's eye twinkled and he drawled out ' That reminds me,' a chuckle of approbation ran through the Court-house as when a favourite comedian steps on the stage. It is impossible to repro-

duce these stories effectively in print, but as good an instance as any is the following yarn by which he illustrated his client's point of view in an assault case.

'It reminds me,' he said, 'of the man who was attacked by a furious dog, which he killed with a pitchfork.

"What made you kill my dog?" demanded the farmer.

"What made him try to bite me?" retorted the offender.

"But why didn't you go at him with the other end of your pitchfork?" persisted the farmer.

"Well, why didn't he come at me with his other end?"

Again, speaking to a jury on the preponderance of evidence, and trying to explain to them what a lawyer means by the phrase, 'weight of evidence,' he laid down the legal principle in these words: 'If you were going to bet on this case, on which side would you be willing to risk a "fippenny"? That side upon which you would be willing to bet a "fippenny" is the side on which rests the preponderance of evidence in your minds. It is possible that you may not be right, but that is not the question. The question is as to where the preponderance of evidence lies, and you can judge exactly where it lies in your minds by deciding as to which side you would be willing to bet on.' A man who could talk horse sense after that fashion in a law court would be listened to in attentive sympathy by any twelve English-speaking men gathered together in the right box.

The circumstances under which his career as an advocate came to an end are part of a greater story. In June of 1860 Lincoln was waiting with his friends in a newspaper office at Springfield when the news flashed through from Chicago: 'The Convention has made a nomination, and Seward is—the second man on the list.' Lincoln cut short his friends' congratulations and pocketed the telegram, saying 'There is a little woman on Eighth Street who would like to hear about this.'

When the Presidential Election was over and he had to leave Springfield for Washington, he came into his office and spent some hours with his friend and partner 'Billy' Herndon, settling things up. After the business was done, he threw himself on to the old horsehair sofa and, gazing up at the ceiling in his favourite attitude when he was thinking out a law case, said with a sigh, 'Billy, how long have we been together?'

'Over sixteen years,' said his friend.

'We've never had a cross word during all that time, have we?'

'No, indeed we have not.'

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He lay in thought for a few minutes, and then rose and gathered up a bundle of papers and books. As he said good-bye to 'Billy,' his eye caught the old signboard which hung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway. 'I want that to remain,' he said in a low voice. 'Let it hang there undisturbed. Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln & Herndon. If I live I'm coming back sometime, and then we'll go right on practising law as if nothing had ever happened.'

What did happen is written in the history of the world. One can scarcely believe that Lincoln himself ever expected to return and ride the Illinois circuit and sit in the Springfield office again. But he loved his profession, and he knew that his fellow-lawyers honoured and respected him. As long as the old sign hung on the stairway the President of the United States was still Abraham Lincoln, Advocate.

THE GARIBALDI FIGHT AGAIN FOR FREEDOM.

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN.

ONCE or twice in every winter a thick, sticky, hot wind from somewhere on the other side of the Mediterranean breathes upon the snow and ice-locked Alpine valleys the breath of a false springtime. The Swiss guides, if I remember correctly, call it by a name which is pronounced nearly as we do the word 'fun'; but the incidence of such a wind means to them anything but what that signifies in English. To them—to all in the Alps, indeed—a spell of *fun* weather means thaw, and thaw means avalanches; avalanches, too, at a time of the year when there is so much snow that the slides are under constant temptation to abandon their beaten tracks and gouge out new and unexpected channels for themselves. It is only the first-time visitor to the Alps who bridles under the Judas kiss of the wind called *fun*.

It was on an early January day of one of these treacherous hot winds that I was motored up from the plain of Venezia to a certain sector of the Italian Alpine front, a sector almost as important strategically as it is beautiful scenically. What twelve hours previously had been a flint-hard ice-paved road had dissolved to a river of soft slush, and one could sense rather than see the ominous premonitory twitchings in the lowering snow-banks as the lapping of the hot moist air relaxed the brake of the frost which had held them on the precipitous mountain sides. Every stretch where the road curved to the embrace of cliff or shelving valley wall was a possible ambush, and we slipped by them with muffled engine and hushed voices.

Toward the middle of the short winter afternoon the gorge we had been following opened out into a narrow valley, and straight over across the little lake which the road skirted, reflected in the shimmering sheet of steaming water that the thaw was throwing out across the ice, was a vivid white triangle of towering mountain. A true granite Alp among the splintered Dolomites—a fortress among cathedrals—it was the outstanding, the dominating feature in a panorama which I knew from my map was made up of the mountain chain along which wriggled the interlocked lines of the Austro-Italian battle-front.

'Plainly a peak with a personality,' I said to the officer at my side. 'What is it called?'

'It's the Col di Lana,' was the reply; 'the mountain that Colonel "Peppino" Garibaldi took in a first attempt, and afterwards Gelasio Caetani, the Italo-American mining engineer, blew up and captured completely. It is one of the most important positions on our whole front, for whichever side holds it not only effectually blocks the enemy's advance, but has also an invaluable sally-port from which to launch his own. We simply *had* to have it, and it was taken in what was probably the only way humanly possible. It's Colonel Garibaldi's headquarters, by the way, where we put up to-night and to-morrow; perhaps you can get him to tell you the story.'

Where his study window looks out on the yellow Tiber winding through the Rome for which his father had fought so long and so bravely, I had listened one afternoon, not long previously, to that fiery old warrior, General Ricciotti Garibaldi, while he spoke of the war and of Italy's part in it. 'All of my boys are fighting,' he had said, 'and my daughters and my wife are nursing. Two of the boys are gone—killed in France—but the other five are with the Italian army. They are all good fighters, I think; but one of them—Peppino, the eldest—is also an able soldier. Or at least he ought to be, for he has been trained in the "Garibaldi" school. There hasn't been a war (save only that between Russia and Japan) or revolution in any part of the world in the last twenty years that he hasn't drawn a sword, carried a rifle, or swung a machete. You must make a point of seeing him if you are visiting his part of the front, for he is a good little fellow, is our Peppino.'

'And you'll fare well if you put up with Peppino, too,' his little English mother had added: 'He is sure to have a good cook; and then the dear boy was always so fond of sweets that I can't imagine his doing without them. Besides, Sante is with him, and Sante was running a co-operative creamery when the war broke out. You may be sure that he has foraged his share of the good things too.'

We found the grandson and namesake of the great Giuseppe Garibaldi quartered in a little string of an Alpine village which occupied the last bit of ground open enough to enjoy even comparative immunity from the snow sliding from either flank of the deep valley which the road followed up to the pass. The 'good little

fellow' who sprang up from his map and report-littered desk to bid us welcome turned out to be six feet of vigorous manhood, with a powerful pair of shoulders, a face red-bronzed from the sun-glint on the snow, and a grip which fused my fingers in the galvanic pressure of its friendly clasp. The high, narrow forehead, the firm line of the mouth, the steady serious eyes—all were distinctly Garibaldian, recalling to me the words of his mother: 'Ricciotti is my handsomest boy, but Peppino is the one most like the old General, his grandfather.'

His greeting was warm and hearty, and only in the grave eyes was there hint of the terrible responsibility accumulating through the fact that a hot, moist wind was playing upon the heaviest fall of snow the Alps had known for many winters.

'I have sketched you out a tentative programme for the next twenty-four hours,' he said, speaking English with an accent which plainly revealed that it had come to its fluency under American—and probably Western American—skies, 'which is as far (and a good deal farther, in fact) ahead than there is any use in planning while this accursed weather lasts. There are still a couple of hours of daylight, so we will begin by taking sledges to the upper valley and making a survey of our lines from below. To-morrow—God willing!' (he said it with the same quick fervency with which the pious Mohammedan interpolates 'Imshallah' into any outline of his future plans) 'you and Captain X—— will go to the summit and glacier of the Marmolada, perhaps the most spectacular position on all our front. That will depend upon whether or not we can keep the *telefericas* going.'

As the sledge threaded its way between deep-cut snow-banks up the narrowing gorge, Colonel Garibaldi spoke briefly of the difficulties of Alpine transport in midwinter.

'On the ordinary battle front, like those of France and Russia,' he said, 'it requires rather less than one man on the line of communications to maintain one man in the first-line trenches. For the whole Italian front the average is something over two men on the communications to one in the first line; but at points in the Alps (as on this sector of mine), it may run up to six, or even eight or ten in bad weather. It isn't just keeping the roads clear from falling and drifting snow, it's the *valangas*, the slides. And with the slides the worst trouble isn't just the men you may lose under them (though that's terrible enough, heaven knows), but rather the men who are holding the lines up beyond the slides that have to be

fed and munitioned whatever happens. By an unkind trick of fate (just as bad for the enemy as for ourselves, however), the snows of this year have been among the heaviest ever known. This means that the slides are also bad beyond all precedent, and especially that they are coming in unexpected places, places where they have never been known before. Slides in new places mean—what you saw where that swath was cut through the lower end of the little village down the valley, and problems like this !

We had just come out of a narrowed section of the gorge where, to get through at all, the road had to run on a sort of trestle built above the now frozen river, and where the ice-sheathed walls above us interlocked like the jaws of a wolf-trap. Ahead of us the road was blocked by a towering barrier of crumpled snow, piled a hundred feet or more high from wall to wall. Rocks and snapped-off and up-ended pine trees peppered through the amorphous mass furnished unmistakable evidence that the avalanche which formed it had come down out of a 'track.'

'We couldn't go over it, and we couldn't have shovelled it away in ten years,' said my companion ; 'so we simply had to follow the only alternative left and go through it. Here we go into the tunnel now. My great worry now is as to whether the new slide that the next day or two—or the next hour or two, for that matter—may bring down upon this will crush in my little tunnel or only pile up harmlessly above. Hard-packed as it is, the snow' (I felt him lurch away from me in the darkness, and heard the soft swish of something brushing against the side of the tunnel) 'is slushy even in under here. I'm rather afraid that it won't stand much more weight, even if it doesn't fall in of its own. But—ah' (we were out of the tunnel now, and a fluted yellow cliff of staggering sheer-ness loomed through the notch ahead), 'there's the Marmolada ! Doesn't look like an easy place to dislodge the enemy from, does it ? Well, my men—my brother, Major Ricciotti Garibaldi, leading them—took the most of the 13,000-foot *massif* from the Austrians with the loss of so few men that I am still being accused of having thrown my dead in the *crevasses* of the glacier and filling their places with smuggled recruits !'

An Alpino passed singing, and the Colonel took up the air as he returned the salute.

O Marmolada, tu es bella, tu es grana
Fina in peo e forta in guerra.

'It's a song the men have made,' he said. 'The Marmolada was famous even in peace time, but up to a year or two before the war it had never been climbed from this side. The Captain of Alpini in the post at that pass on the left was the first Italian to make the ascent. It took him two days, and cost him several hundred *lira* for guides. Well, it was from this very side that we took it (I can't tell you exactly how, as we want to use the same method again), and now we are sending fuel and food and munitions up there every day. To-morrow, if the *telefericas* are still running, you will go up there to that snow-cap on the top in less than an hour.'

On the way back to the village in the gathering dusk I had an illuminative example of the famous Garibaldi *sang froid*. The conversation had turned—as it seemed to persist in doing during all of my visit—to common friends and haunts in South America, and I mentioned a meeting with Castro in Venezuela some years previously. 'Just what month was that?' Colonel Garibaldi queried. 'March,' I replied. 'Then at that very moment,' said he, 'I was chained to a ring in the wall of the jail at Ciudad Bolivar. A little later,' he continued, 'I and a fellow-*revolutionista* chained up with me broke out and started to swim the Orinoco to—'

At that moment the sledge chanced to be worrying by a long pack train on the trestle in the bottom of the overhung gorge I have referred to, and just as my companion reached this point in his story a big icicle, thawed loose somewhere above, came crashing down on the back of one of the mules. The pack load of provisions was riven as by a knife, and the mule, recoiling from the sudden shock, shied back into the animal immediately behind him. This one, in turn, backed into the animal next in line, so that the impulse went back through the train by what I once heard an old Chilkat packer call 'mulegraphy.' The consequence was that the hundred yards of gorge (in passing through which one was cautioned even to lower one's voice for fear of starting vibration that might break loose one of the thousand or so Damoclean swords suspended above) was thrown into an uproar that set the echoes ringing. The temperamental Alpini swore at the mules, and at each other from the depths of their leather lungs, while the mules simply did the mulish thing by standing on their forelegs and lashing out with their hind ones at whatever fell within their reach.

But, unruffled alike by the kinetic energy released below and the potential energy which menaced from above, the imperturbable

scion of the Garibaldi simply leaned closer to my ear and went on with his story.

'Poor Y—— never reached the bank. Shark got him, I think. I headed off into the jungle—' That was about all the story I remember, except the finish, which had to do with racing a couple of Castro's spies for a British steamer lying alongside the quay at La Guayra. This latter part, however, was related after we had come out from under the icicles and the heels of the mules to the open road beneath the awakening stars.

There were several interruptions during dinner that evening. Once a wayfaring Alpino, whose lantern had gone out, and who had turned in to the nearest house to relight it, appeared at the door. That he stumbled upon his Colonel's mess did not appear to disturb him a whit more than it did the Colonel, who gave the smiling chap a box of matches and sent him on his way with a cheery '*a rivederci*.' A little later the door was opened in response to a timid knock, to reveal a little old lady who wanted to borrow a tin of condensed milk and five eggs. Her son was coming home on leave on the morrow, she said, and she was going to make a *pannello* for his dinner. The little village shop was out of eggs and milk for the moment, and as the *Colonello's* cook had refused to lend them to her, she had come straight to the *Colonello* himself. She had heard he was very kind.

'See that she has all she wants; fill up her basket,' was the order sent out to the cook. And then, as the grateful little old dame backed, bowing, out of the door: 'Feed him up well, *madre*; a man has to have something under his belt to fight in these mountains, doesn't he?'

'Brother Sante usually looks after callers of this kind for me,' said my host with a laugh; 'but Sante is away for a day or two, and I have no buffer. You will observe, by the way, that I am not quite at one with my distinguished grandfather in the matter of rations. What was it he said to the men who had assembled to follow him in his flight after the unsuccessful fight for the Roman Republic? "I offer neither pay, quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battle, and death." Well, I too have plenty of fighting to offer my men, but no more of the other "inducements" than I can possibly help. And when they have to die, I like to feel that it's on a full stomach.

'Perhaps you heard,' he went on, 'what a stir it made up here

when I first asked for marmalade for my men. They started out by laughing at me. "Of course," they said, "we know that your mother is English; but that is no reason why, much as *you* may crave it, your *men* should need marmalade!" Then they said that *marmellata* would cost too much, and finally tried to prove that it would be bad for the men's health. But I had seen what troops had done in South Africa on a generous marmalade allowance; also what they were doing in France. So I stuck to it, and—well, we took the Marmolada on *marmellata*, and a good many Austrians besides.'

We were still laughing over the little joke when the door opened, and the telephone operator from the room across the hall entered to report in a low voice some news that had just reached him. The Colonel's face changed from gay to grave in an instant; but it was with voice and manner of quiet restraint that he asked a couple of quick questions and then gave a brief order, evidently to be transmitted back whence the news had come.

'It must have been either A—— or B——,' he said musingly, turning again to the big slice of caramel cake he had just cut for himself when the interruption occurred. 'Oh, I beg pardon; but I've just had word that the middle *teleferica* serving the Marmolada has been carried away by an avalanche, and that one of the engineers is killed. I was just speculating as to which one it was. They were both good men—men I can ill afford to lose. This puts an end, by the way, to the trip we had planned for you for to-morrow. You will have to go to the position at the ——, instead; providing, of course, *that teleferica* doesn't meet a like fate.'

South American revolution (in vivid reminiscence) had raised its hydra-head many times before I saw my way clear to turn the conversation into the channel where I was so interested to direct its flow.

'Won't you tell me, Colonel,' I said finally, 'something of how the young Garibaldi have carried on the tradition of the old Garibaldi in this war? Tell me how it came about that you all foregathered in France in the early months of the war, what you did there, and what you have done since; and, especially, tell me how you took the Col di Lana.'

'That's (as you Americans say) rather a tall order,' was the laughing reply; 'but I'll gladly do what I can to fill it.'

He drained his glass of cognac, waited till the occult rite of

lighting his 'Virginia' over its little spirit-lamp was complete, and then began his story (as I had hoped he would) at the beginning. The narration which follows was punctuated by the steady drip of the eaves and the not infrequent rumble of a distant avalanche as the hot south wind called *fun* breathed its relaxing breath on a half winter's accumulation of hanging snow.

'My father—and even my grandfather—had foreseen that Europe must ultimately fight its way to freedom through a great war; that the two irreconcilable forces (fairly represented by what France, England, Italy, and the United States stood for, on the one hand, and what Prussia and its satellites stood for on the other) made no other alternative possible. The same feelings which led my father and grandfather to fight for France in 1870 led me and my brothers to offer ourselves to fight for France and her Allies in 1914.

'As the eldest of seven sons, and the namesake of my grandfather, my father felt that it was up to me to carry on the Garibaldi tradition, and when I was scarcely out of my teens he sent me out to train in the only school that the old General ever recognised—that of practical experience. "Some day you will be needed in Europe," he said. "Until then, see that you make yourself ready by taking part in every war that you can find. Learn how men follow, and then learn how men lead. If there is any choice between two causes, fight for the one you think your grandfather would have fought for; but don't miss a fight because you can't make up your mind on that score. The experience is the thing, and the only way you can get it is in real battles, not sham ones."

'Well, I did the best I could, considering the day and age we live in, to follow out my father's idea. With what success (so far as a comprehensive experience was concerned) you may judge from the fact that, up to the outbreak of the present war, I had—counting skirmishes—fought on 132 battlefields. That I had not been wounded was not, I trust, entirely due to not having been exposed to fire.

'The preparation of my brothers had been rather less drastic—less "Garibaldian"—than my own. In their cases, it was my father's idea that it would be sufficient if they simply knew the world and how to get on with men; and to this end he encouraged them, as fast as they became old enough, to seek work abroad, preferably something of an outdoor character, such as that in

connexion with engineering projects. None of us was overburdened with book learning or technical training, myself least of all. Indeed, I have often wished I had a bit more of both.

'So it was that it happened that the outbreak of the war found all but the two youngest of us scattered to the ends of the earth. I was in New York (not long before I had gone through the first Mexican revolution as Chief of Staff to General Madero), and with me was my second brother, Ricciotti, who had joined me there for a trip to South America. Menotti was in China, on the engineering staff of the Canton-Kowloon Railway, and Sante, also an engineer, was working on the Assuan Dam in Upper Egypt. Bruno was in a sugar "central" in Cuba, and Costante and Ezia, the two youngest of us, were at their studies in Italy. My sister, Italia, was organising Red Cross work in Rio de Janeiro.

'As the war clouds began to gather, my father sent a letter to each of the five of us abroad, saying that when we received a cable from him we were to start at once for whatever place was mentioned in it. I forget what the cables received by Ricciotti and myself were about; but the rendezvous was Paris, and we were away by the next boat. We found Ezia and Costante already awaiting us in Paris, and Bruno and Sante arrived a few days later. Menotti could not arrange to get away from China until his own country entered the war, some months subsequently.

'Word had already gone out that an Italian Legion was to be formed to fight for the Allies, but in what theatre had not yet been decided upon. All my own training had been for guerilla warfare, and, figuring that this could be turned to the best use in the Balkans, I was in hopes that my legion could be landed in Albania, to co-operate with the Serbians and Montenegrins against Austria. This was not to be, however; indeed, Ezia, who was sent to drive a *camion* at Salonika after being wounded on this front a few months ago, has so far been the only Garibaldi to reach the Balkans. I am sorry, in a way, for I still think that that would have been my sphere of greatest usefulness.

'Recruits flocked to us from all over the world, among them being many men who had fought with me in South and Central America. We were quite the typical band of soldiers of fortune, and except for the fact that we were all Italians, there wasn't a great deal to differentiate us from the Foreign Legion into which we were incorporated. Side by side with the several scions of Italian nobility who had joined us, marched men who had ridden

as *gauchos* on the pampas of Argentina or hammered drills in the mines of Colorado and the Transvaal. Nor was I by any means the only one who had peered hungrily outward through barred gratings and was familiar with the clank and tug of the ankle chain. But whatever we were, and whoever we were, we had come to fight, and we did fight. Yes, all in all, I think we lived up to the traditions of the *Légion Étrangère* quite as well on the score of fighting as we did on that of pedigree. It isn't where you come *from* that counts on the battle line, but only where you *go to*; and if there was a man in the Italian Legion who wasn't ready to fight until he dropped, I can only say that he did not come under my notice.

'Considering the fact that we began with practically raw material (though, of course, many of the men had seen previous service), and that there were no *cadres* to build upon, I think our work with the *Légion Italienne* was about a record for quick training. It was October before we were well started, and by the end of December we were not only on the first line, but had already gone through some of the bloodiest fighting the war has seen. My grandfather used to say that proper military training was nine-tenths a matter of applied common sense and one-tenth a matter of drill. Well, I employed what common sense and experience I had, and made up the rest with drill. Inside of two months we had 4000 men at the front, where the French Higher Command was so well impressed with their quality that it was but a week or two before they were deemed worthy of the place of honour in an attack upon the Prussian Guard, which had been pressing steadily forward in the hope of cutting the communications between Chalons and Verdun. No regiment ever had a warmer baptism of fire. We drove back the Guard two and a half kilometres, but lost a thousand men in the effort.

'I don't recall anything that was actually said between us on the subject, but it seemed to be generally understood among us brothers that the shedding of some Garibaldi blood—or, better still, the sacrifice of a Garibaldi life—would be calculated to throw a great, perhaps a decisive, weight into the wavering balance in Italy, where a growing sympathy for the cause of the Allies only needed a touch to quicken it to action. Indeed, I am under the impression that my father said something to that effect to the two younger boys before he sent them on to France. At any rate, all three of the youngsters behaved exactly as though their only

object in life was to get in the way of German bullets. Well—Bruno got *his* in the last week in December, ten or twelve days ahead of Costante, who fell on January 5. Ezio—the youngest of the three fire-eaters—though, through no fault of his own, had to wait and take his bullet from the Austrians on our own front. (It occurred not far from here, by the way.)

‘The attack in which Bruno fell was one of the finest things I have ever seen. General Gouraud sent for me in person to explain why a certain system of trenches, which we were ordered to attack, *must* be taken and held, no matter what the price. We mustered for mass at midnight—it was Christmas, or the day after, I believe—and the memory of that icicle-framed altar in the ruined, roofless church, with the flickering candles throwing just light enough to silhouette the tall form of Gouraud, who stood in front of me, will never fade from my mind.

‘We went over the parapet before daybreak, and it was in the first light of the cold winter dawn that I saw Bruno—plainly hit—straighten up from his running crouch and topple into the first of the German trenches, across which the leading wave of our attack was sweeping. He was up before I could reach him, however (I don’t think he ever looked to see where he was hit), and I saw him clamber up the other side, and, running without a hitch or stagger, lead his men in pursuit of the fleeing enemy. I never saw him again alive.

‘They found his body, with six bullet-wounds upon it, lying where the gust from a machine-gun had caught him as he tried to climb out and lead his men on beyond the last of the trenches we had been ordered to take and hold. He had charged into the trench, thrown out the enemy, and made—for whatever it was worth—the first sacrifice of his own generation of Garibaldi. We sent his body to my father and mother in Rome, where, as you will doubtless remember, his funeral was made the occasion of the most remarkable patriotic demonstration Italy has known in recent years. From that moment the participation of our country in the war became only a matter of time. Costante’s death a few days later only gave added impulse to the wave of popular feeling which was soon to align Italy where she belonged, in the forefront of the fight for the freedom of Europe.

‘Further fighting that fell to the lot of the Legion in the course of January reduced its numbers to such an extent that it had to be withdrawn to rest and reform. Before it was in condition to

take the field again, our country had taken the great decision, and we were disbanded to go home and fight for Italy. Here—principally because it was thought best to incorporate the men in the units to which they (by training or residence) really belonged—it was found impracticable to maintain the integrity of the fourteen battalions—about 14,000 men in all—we had formed in France, and, as a consequence, the *Légion Italienne* ceased to exist except as a glorious memory. We five surviving Garibaldi were given commissions in a brigade of Alpini that is a “lineal descendant” of the famous *cacciatore* formed by my grandfather in 1859, and led by him against the Austrians in the war in which, with the aid of the French, we redeemed Lombardy for Italy.

‘In July I was given command of a battalion occupying a position at the foot of the Col di Lana. Perhaps you saw from the lake as you came up the commanding position of this mountain. If so, you will understand its supreme importance to us, whether for defensive or offensive purposes. Looking straight down the Cordevole Valley toward the plains of Italy, it not only furnished the Austrians an incomparable observation post, but also stood as an effectual barrier against any advance of our own toward the Livinallongo Valley and the important Pordoi Pass. We needed it imperatively for the safety of any line we established in this region; and just as imperatively would we need it when we were ready to push the Austrians back. Since it was just as important for the Austrians to maintain possession of this great natural fortress as it was for us to take it away from them, you will understand how it came about that the struggle for the Col di Lana was perhaps the bitterest that has yet been waged for any one point on the Alpine front.

‘Early in July, under cover of our guns to the south and east, the Alpini streamed down from the Cima di Falzarego and Sasso di Stria, which they had occupied shortly before, and secured what was at first but a precarious foothold on the stony lower eastern slope of the Col di Lana. Indeed, it was little more than a toe-hold at first; but the never-resting Alpini soon dug themselves in and became firmly established. It was to the command of this battalion of Alpini that I came on July 12, after being given to understand that my work was to be the taking of the Col di Lana regardless of cost.

‘This was the first time that I—or any other Garibaldi, for that matter (my grandfather, with his “Thousand,” took Sicily

from fifty times that number of Bourbon soldiers)—had ever had enough (or even the promise of enough) men to make that "regardless of cost" formula much more than a hollow mockery. But it is not in a Garibaldi to sacrifice men for any object whatever if there is any possible way of avoiding it. The period of indiscriminate frontal attacks had passed even before I left France, and ways were already being devised—mostly mining and better artillery protection—to make assaults less costly. Scientific "man-saving," in which my country has since made so much progress, was then in its infancy on the Italian front.

'I found many difficulties in the way of putting into practice on the Col di Lana the man-saving theories I had seen in process of development on the Argonne. At that time the Austrians—who had appreciated the great importance of that mountain from the outset—had us heavily out-gunned, while mining in the hard rock was too slow to make it worth while until some single position of crucial value hung in the balance. So—well, I simply did the best I could under the circumstances. The most I could do was to give my men as complete protection as possible while they were not fighting, and this end was accomplished by establishing them in galleries cut out of the solid rock. This was, I believe, the first time the "gallery-barracks"—now quite the rule at all exposed points—were used on the Italian front.

'There was no other way in the beginning but to drive the enemy off the Col di Lana trench by trench, and this was the task I set myself to toward the end of July. What made the task an almost prohibitive one was the fact that the Austrian guns from Corte and Chertz—which we were in no position to reduce to silence—were able to rake us unmercifully. Every move we made during the next nine months was carried out under their fire, and there is no use in denying that we suffered heavily. I used no more men than I could possibly help using, and the Higher Command was very generous in the matter of reserves, and even in increasing the strength of the force at my disposal as we gradually got more room to work in. By the end of October my original command of a battalion had been increased largely.

'The Austrians made a brave and skilful defence, but the steady pressure we were bringing to bear on them gradually forced them back up the mountain. By the first week in November we were in possession of three sides of the mountain, while the Austrians held the fourth side and—but most important of all—the summit.

The latter presented a sheer wall of rock, over 200 metres high, to us from any direction we were able to approach it, and on the crest of this cliff—the only point exposed to our artillery fire—the enemy had a cunningly concealed machine-gun post served by fourteen men. Back and behind, under shelter in a rock gallery, was a reserve of 200 men, who were expected to remain safely under cover during a bombardment, and then sally forth to repel any infantry attack that might follow it. The handful in the machine-gun post, it was calculated, would be sufficient, and more than sufficient, to keep us from scaling the cliff before their reserves came up to support them; and so they would have been if there had been *only* an infantry attack to reckon with. It failed to allow sufficiently, however, for the weight of the artillery we were bringing up, and the skill of our gunners. The apparent impregnability of the position was really its undoing.

‘This cunningly conceived plan of defence I had managed to get a pretty accurate idea of—no matter how—and I laid my own plans accordingly. All the guns I could get hold of I had emplaced in positions most favourable for concentrating on the real key to the summit—the exposed machine-gun post on the crown of the cliff—with the idea, if possible, of destroying men and guns completely, or, failing in that, at least to render it untenable for the reserves who would try to rally to its defence.

‘We had the position ranged to an inch, and so, fortunately, lost no time in “feeling” for it. This, with the surprise incident to it, was perhaps the principal factor in our success; for the plan—at least so far as *taking* the summit was concerned—worked out quite as perfectly in action as upon paper. That is the great satisfaction of working with the Alpino, by the way: he is so sure, so dependable, that the “human fallibility” element in a plan (always the most uncertain quantity) is practically eliminated.

‘It is almost certain that our sudden gust of concentrated gun-fire snuffed out the lives of all the men in the machine-gun post before they had time to send word of our developing infantry attack to the reserves in the gallery below. At any rate, these latter made no attempt whatever to swarm up to the defence of the crest, even after our artillery fire ceased. The consequence was that the 120 Alpini I sent to scale the cliff reached the top with but three casualties, these probably caused by rolling rocks or flying rock fragments. The Austrians in their big “funk-hole” were taken completely by surprise, and 130 of them fell prisoners to considerably

less than that number of Italians. The rest of 200 escaped or were killed in their flight.

'So far it was so good ; but, unfortunately, taking the summit and holding it were two entirely different matters. No sooner did the Austrians discover what had happened than they opened on the summit with all their available artillery. We have since ascertained that the fire of 120 guns was concentrated upon a space of 100 by 150 metres which offered the only approach to cover the barren summit afforded. Fifty of my men, finding some shelter in the lee of rocky ledges, remained right out on the summit ; the others crept over the edge of the cliff and held on by their fingers and toes. Not a man of them sought safety by flight, though a retirement would have been quite justified, considering what a hell the Austrian guns were making of the summit. The enemy counter-attacked at nightfall, but in spite of superior numbers and the almost complete exhaustion of that little band of Alpini heroes, were able to retake only a half of the summit. Here, at a ten-metres-high ridge which roughly bisects the *cima*, the Alpini held the Austrians, and here, in turn, the latter held the reinforcements which I was finally able to send to the Alpini's aid. There, exposed to the fire of the guns of either side (and so, comparatively, safe from both), a line was established from which there seemed little probability that one combatant could drive the other, at least without a radical change from the methods so far employed.

'The idea of blowing up positions that cannot be taken otherwise is by no means a new one. Probably it dates back almost as far as the invention of gunpowder itself. Doubtless, if we only knew of them, there have been attempts to mine the Great Wall of China. It was, therefore, only natural that, when the Austrians had us held up before a position it was vitally necessary we should have, we should begin to consider the possibility of mining it as the only alternative. The conception of the plan did not necessarily originate in the mind of any one individual, however many have laid claim to it. It was the inevitable thing if we were not going to abandon striving for our objective.

'But while there was nothing new in the idea of the mine itself, in the carrying out an engineering operation of such magnitude at so great an altitude, and from a position constantly exposed to intense artillery fire, there were presented many problems quite without precedent. It was these problems which gave us pause ; but finally, in spite of the prospect of difficulties which we fully

realised might at any time become prohibitive, it was decided to make the attempt to blow up that portion of the summit of the Col di Lana held by the enemy.

'The choice of the engineer for the work was a singularly fortunate one. Gelasio Caetani—he is a son of the Duke of Sermoneta—had operated as a mining engineer in the American West for a number of years previous to the war, and the practical experience gained in California and Alaska was invaluable preparation for the great task now set for him. His ready resource and great personal courage were also incalculable assets. (As an instance of the latter, I could tell you how, to permit him to make certain imperative observations, he allowed himself to be lowered over the side of a sheer cliff at a point only partially protected from the enemy's fire.)

'Well, the tunnel was started about the middle of January 1916. Some of my men—Italians who had hurried home to fight for their country when the war started—had had some previous experience with hand and machine-drills in the mines of Colorado and British Columbia, but the most of our labour had to gain its experience as the work progressed. Considering this, as well as the difficulty of bringing up material (to say nothing of food and munitions), we made very good progress.

'The worst thing about it all was the fact that it had to be done under the incessant fire of the Austrian artillery. I provided for the men as best I could by putting them in galleries, where they were at least able to get their rest in comparative safety. My own headquarters were in a little shed in the lee of a big rock. When the enemy finally found out what we were up to they celebrated their discovery by a steady bombardment which lasted for fourteen days without interruption. During a certain forty-two hours of that fortnight there was, by actual count, an average of thirty-eight shells a minute exploding on our little position. With all the protection it was possible to provide, the strain became such that I found it advisable to change the battalion holding our portion of the summit every week. Did I have any respite myself? Well, hardly; or, rather, not until I had to.

'We were constantly confronted with new and perplexing problems—things which no one had ever been called upon to solve before—most of them in connexion with transportation. How we contrived to surmount one of these I shall never forget. The Austrians had performed a brave and audacious feat in emplacing

one of their batteries at a certain point, the fire from which threatened to make our position absolutely untenable. The location of this battery was so cunningly chosen that not a single one of our guns could reach it, and yet we *had* to silence it—and for good—if we were going to go on with our work. The only point from which we could fire upon these destructive guns was so exposed that any artillery we might be able to mount there could only count on the shortest shrift under the fire of the hundred or more “heavies” that the Austrians would be able to concentrate upon it. And yet (I figured), well employed, these few minutes might prove enough to do the work in. As there was no other alternative, I decided to chance it.

‘And then there arose another difficulty. The smallest gun that would stand a chance of doing the job cut out for it weighed 120 kilos—about 260 pounds; this just for the gun alone, with all detachable parts removed. But the point where the gun was to be mounted was so exposed that there was no chance of rigging up a cable-way, while the incline was so steep and rough that it was out of the question trying to drag it up with ropes. Just as we were on the verge of giving up in despair, one of the Alpini—a man of Herculean frame who had made his living in peace-time by breaking chains on his chest and performing other feats of strength—came and suggested that he be allowed to carry the gun up on his shoulder. Grasping at a straw, I let him indulge in a few “practice manœuvres”; but these only showed that while the young Samson could shoulder and trot off with the gun without great effort, the task of lifting himself and his burden from foothold to foothold in the crumbling rock of the seventy-degree slope was too much for him.

‘But of this failure there came a new idea. Why not let my strong man simply support the weight of the gun on his shoulder—acting as a sort of ambulant gun-carriage, so to speak—while a line of men pulled him along with a rope? We rigged up a harness to equalise the pull on the broad back, and, with the aid of sixteen ordinary men, the feat was accomplished without a hitch. I am sorry to say, however, that poor Samson was laid up for a spell with racked muscles.

‘The gun—with the necessary parts and munition—was taken up in the night, and at daybreak it was set up and ready for action. It fired just forty shots before the Austrian “heavies” blew it—and all but one or two of its brave crew—to pieces with a rain of high-

explosive. But it had done its work, and done it well. The sacrifice was not in vain. The troublesome Austrian battery was put so completely out of action that the enemy never thought it worth while to re-emplace it.

‘That is just a sample of the fantastic things we were doing all of the three months that we drove the tunnel under the summit of the Col di Lana. The last few weeks were further enlivened by the knowledge that the Austrians were countermining against us. Once they drove so near that we could feel the jar of their drills, but they exploded their mine just a few metres short of where it would have upset us for good and all. All the time work went on until, on April 17, the mine was finished, charged, and “tamped.” That night, while every gun we could bring to bear rained shell upon the Austrian position, it was exploded. A crater 150 feet in diameter and sixty feet deep engulfed the ridge the enemy had occupied, and this our waiting Alpini rushed and firmly held. Feeble Austrian counter-attacks were easily repulsed, and the Col di Lana was at last completely in Italian hands.’

Colonel Garibaldi leaned back in his chair and gazed thoughtfully at the cracks in the ceiling as one whose tale is finished. The end had come rather abruptly, I thought, and I was inclined to press for further details.

‘It must have been a grand sight,’ I ventured—‘that mountain-top blowing off into the air with hundreds of shells bursting about it. Where were you at the great moment?’

The grave face grew a shade graver, and a wistful smile softened the lines of the firm mouth.

‘Not in sight of the Col di Lana, I am sorry to say,’ was the reply. ‘My health broke down a fortnight before the end, and another officer was in command at the climax. It was one of the greatest disappointments of my life. I would have given my right hand to have been the first man into that crater. But never mind,’ he concluded, rising and squaring his broad shoulders; ‘bigger things than the Col di Lana are ahead before this war is over, and I feel that I am not going to miss any more of them. It’s the Garibaldi way, you know, to be in at the death.’

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE CHURCH?

In time of peace, when as yet the great war was a matter of academic discussion and not of fact, fears were expressed in many quarters that the Church of England was losing its vitality. The Oxford Movement had become a matter of history, there was no longer an antagonistic rivalry between High and Low Church, the acrimonious disputes between Science and Dogma had ceased, the Pulpit had begun to treat the theory of Evolution with respect; in short, a mild spirit of toleration had set in. But although this state of things had its good side, there were many complaints that the practice of public worship was not so universal as heretofore, that our Sundays were becoming continental, and that we were becoming irreligious.

There were obvious grounds for that opinion. The tolerance of Sunday games, the development of the motor-car, and the institution of the 'week-end' as a custom, all tended to weaken the habit of regular attendance at church. Men who have been cooped up in ill-ventilated offices, banks, and public buildings naturally feel disinclined to spend some of the best hours of the seventh day in a stuffy church, and so the male element in modern congregations has tended to decrease.

But is it a fact that we are less religious than we were? Just as this war has stirred to its depths the patriotism which lay dormant in the hearts of our race, so the deeper currents of our religious sense have been no less profoundly stirred. That which prompted our voluntary army in the early days of the war to take up arms and fight was quite as much the determination that such monstrous offences as the Germans committed in Belgium and France should be made impossible for generations to come as the fear of future national danger. Underneath our worldliness, love of ease, and frivolity lies an undercurrent of religion which a great crisis like the present brings to the surface. We do not wear our religion on the sleeve, but keep it for great occasions. The question is whether the Church is going to make use of this wave of self-sacrifice and noble doing, and retain or increase its influence on the nation after the war is over.

Recently the talented lady who writes under the name of

'Rita' sent a somewhat excited polemic to a Sunday paper, entitled 'What is wrong with the Church?' which drew the public into an animated correspondence. 'Has Christianity no better record of its 2000 years than this murderous flood of evil deeds?' she asked, as though the Church and Christianity were responsible for the war. 'Where are our dead?'—an irrelevant question which neither divines nor the Society for Psychical Research can answer. 'Men have won free of their leading strings, and will no longer be content with dogmas and doctrines,' and she prophesied that reform—she called it 'revolt'—must come from within the Church. Such questions are sure inducements to many foolish persons to write to the papers and air their individual opinions, but are not very helpful in determining whether or no the Church is losing hold on the life of the nation. It is easy to throw stones at an ancient building, but that will not restore the cracks in its walls.

Now there is little doubt that many thinking men have been discouraged from regular attendance at church by the excessive length of the services, their intolerable tedium, and the manner in which they are conducted. There is no reason why, with a very few small changes, they should not be made more attractive, and more in conformity with the trend of modern thought. In the first place why should such separate services as the Litany and Communion be combined with Morning Prayer on Sundays? Each service has a beauty and a meaning of its own, and such fusion only tends to destroy its individuality and its influence. The penitential fervour of the Litany is quite out of keeping with the cheerful note of praise which runs through the Morning Prayer, and should be read as a separate service, and only on stated occasions. Such urgent language as we find there is apt to lose force by constant repetition. How often have some of the choir and congregation been led into responding 'Amen' after a certain prayer, instead of 'O Lord, arise and help us' &c., through sheer inattention?

When Christ told us to use His beautiful prayer we were surely not meant to repeat it again and again whenever we entered upon a new section of our service. At a possibly full service on a Sunday we recite it twice during Morning Prayer, again in the Litany, sometimes again before the sermon, and twice in the Communion Service. Therefore a normally devout man, who goes twice to church, and says his prayers morning and evening, repeats this form of words ten times in the day, and yet we are told in the

Bible to avoid vain repetitions! Assuming that the average thinking youth often goes through what we may conveniently call a Spencer and Mill, or a Wells and Shaw period before he settles down into the religion of his life, it is probable that the length and boredom of the services he is compelled to attend accentuate his revolt, and, if he lacks solidity of character, may turn him into a heathen or an indifferentist. In any case he ceases to be a Churchman in the true sense of the term. When I was at Eton the Holy Communion was celebrated in Chapel at the end of a choral service lasting quite two hours, and what kind of devotion can be expected of youths under such circumstances? The result was that many of us preferred the early service in the parish Church. Small wonder is it then that 'Chapel' at the University is a duty to be sedulously shirked. When I was a child I was accustomed to hear Mozart and Beethoven played day after day, whistled on the stairs, and hummed in the passage, with the result that, though I am open to the charms of almost every composer from Bach to Debussy, the first two great musicians leave me cold. You may have too much of a good thing, even though it be a Church Service.

A creed has lately been well defined as 'the thing a man does practically believe; the thing a man does practically lay to heart and know for certain concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny therein.' But however you define a creed, it is an incontestable fact that the Athanasian Creed does not represent the faith of ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and I question whether the hundredth could explain some of its clauses to a man of ordinary intelligence. I well remember when I was young the hopeless bewilderment with which I listened to an attempted explanation of the words 'neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding,' a bewilderment which has not entirely passed away. The savage and bitterly exclusive clause at the end, followed by the triumphant doxology over those poor souls who cannot believe or understand this obscure polemic against an ancient heresy, are words which few thinking Christians can say in their hearts. It is wisely sung in most churches, and this robs its terms of most of their force. But why should this historical curiosity still remain a part of our Service? Are we less Christian because we refuse to puzzle our heads over such subtleties of language? 'The van boy in the East end of London,' says Mr. Oliver Quick in his 'Essays in Orthodoxy,'

'may have the spirit of Jesus as truly as those whose visions have filled volumes with psychological technicalities.' Cannot our faith, therefore, be more simple and childlike ? Why may we not profess and call ourselves Christians without having to repeat formulas which Christ never laid down, but which were the codes devised by finite intelligences to combat ancient heresies, and therefore open to reconstruction ?

In the lecture administered to the sponsors of an infant at baptism is the injunction 'to call upon him to hear sermons,' as though the constant listening to long discourses were one of the essentials of his salvation. Now good sermons are rare; the majority are bad and indifferent. The gift of a suasive tongue is not in the equipment of every candidate for Holy Orders, but as soon as a curate is ordained, he is pitchforked into the pulpit without any preparation in the difficult art of oratory, and he must needs stand up and lecture an audience, many of whom are far more learned and wise than himself. It is well that the examining chaplain to the Bishop of Winchester should suggest that men ought not to be ordained so young, and that they should not be allowed to preach till they had gained some experience of the world. Parish work may leave a curate no time in which to prepare his sermon, and if he happens to be a bad preacher, custom prevents him from reading a good sermon by someone else. I once heard a beautiful sermon read from MS. by a man who was not accustomed to preaching, and on inquiry I found that he had had the good sense to give us one of Newman's Parochial Sermons. A worthy archdeacon once confessed to me that he deplored the want of criticism, and that no one would tell him when he had made a fool of himself, which I am bound to say he seldom did ; but I am not sure that if the village squire became the candid friend of the parson, local peace would not be seriously endangered. It is all the more incumbent on the superior clergy to decide on a man's competence to preach early in his career. Only those who have proved themselves capable should be licensed by the Bishop to preach, and then we should be spared the necessity of listening to the tedious repetition of texts and half-baked thoughts which are given to us Sunday by Sunday.

The sermon is not necessarily part of either Morning or Evening Prayer, but is directed to be given during the Communion Service, after the Nicene Creed but custom has imposed it on Morning and Evening Prayer, and those who wish to leave the Church

have no opportunity of doing so, and refrain for fear of hurting the feelings of the preacher, or of disturbing their neighbours.

The sermon should always be a separate affair, and given at the end of a service, so that they who wish to may make their exit decently. If this were done, sermons would soon improve in quality. They would also improve if they were fewer in number, and less perfunctory in character. There should also be a freer exchange of pulpits that new points of view and fresh thoughts may gain currency. A good preacher is wasted on a small, or even one congregation. There is much to be said for the system which created the itinerant preaching friars in the old days.

The English Bible is our priceless possession. Its poetry, its history of the Jewish race, its incomparable language, the human interest of its stories, and even of its fables, are things sacred which ought not to be abused. Yet how is it read in church ? It seems to be a tradition among the clergy that as little expression as possible is to be given to the words. A curate will sometimes contribute an excellent turn at a Penny Reading, but when he stands up in church to read the Bible, he renders it in a mechanical sing-song which robs it of all its meaning. Nay, sometimes it would seem as if it were purposely read so that it should not be 'understood of the people.' I have often found a difficulty in following the lesson even with a Church Service in my hand, and I have heard such scenes as Elijah on Mount Carmel, Jehu and Jezebel, and Naaman and Gehazi so murdered in the rendering as to rouse a feeling of irreverent anger. It were better to fall into the extreme of over-doing the dramatic possibilities of the Bible than to fail to interest the congregation, or to make them understand its meaning. And the reason why a lay reader so often reads the lesson well is because he uses his intelligence, and does not fall into stereotyped tricks and clerical cadences. Our whole religion is contained in the Bible, and one is reminded of the famous answer of Sir Henry Wotton to an Italian priest who asked him : 'Where was your religion to be found before Luther ?' 'My religion was to be found where yours is not to be found now, in the written word of God.' But we want that word of God delivered to us intelligently with all its suasive force.

Our Liturgy too is a glorious heritage, and nothing can be more beautiful than most of the prayers and collects, but, when gabbled hastily, or drawled in a monotone, where is the force or beauty ?

To many people there is nothing reverential in intoning a prayer; it is certainly unnatural. If you wished to approach a great king with an oral petition you would not intone your words, but would try to put some expression into them if you wished him to listen. This practice tends to produce the monotony of an Eastern prayer-wheel, and sometimes the suspicion is roused that the mind of the reader is far from the matter in hand. Moreover, the strain to the voice often causes 'clergyman's throat,' and perhaps that unmistakable manner of speech whereby we recognise a parson. The rubric does not order the prayers to be intoned, but to be 'read with a loud voice'; they are 'appointed to be said,' or, as the Ten Commandments, 'to be rehearsed distinctly.'

As a relief from this monotony of prayer is there any reason why a few extempore petitions should not be introduced occasionally? One advantage of extempore praying is that the mind of the minister and that of his hearers unite in an attitude of prayer, and go with the words he is speaking. Another is that prayers can be composed to suit special occasions. As a writer in the *Times* has recently pointed out: 'If there is a God, there must be something in ourselves which answers to Him, and we cannot think that we are answering to Him when we say the things that we have learnt by heart.' In this we may well take a hint from Scotland, where many good prayers are recited, and there at least the minister is obliged to think about what he is saying, and you are the more apt to follow him.

That the policy of the Church contemplated some elasticity in this matter is shown by the Preface to the Common Prayer. 'It hath been the wisdom of the Church of England, ever since the compiling of the Public Liturgy, to keep the mean between the two extremes of too much easiness in admitting, and too much stiffness in refusing any variation from it.' Let us not be too stiff in such a matter as this.

I have purposely refrained from entering upon the debatable ground of vestments and ornaments because, in the first place, they are of secondary importance and not essential to the vital spirit of the Church, and, in the second place, because we have had too much controversy over such trivialities. 'Good Lord!' cried James Howell in the seventeenth century, 'what fiery clashings have we had lately for a cap and surplice! What an ocean of human blood was spilt for ceremonies only, and outward formalities, and for the bare position of a table!'

If any result comes from the recent movement of the National Mission towards unity and federation of churches into one great National Church, towards a victory over exclusiveness and prejudice which most of us desire, the first things which will have to be considered are the simplification of our Creeds, the popularisation of our Liturgy, and the limitation of our sermons. Of the five Committees of the National Mission one has recently been appointed to 'consider and report upon the ways in which the public worship of the Church can be more directly related to the felt needs of actual life at the present time. It is desired that the Committee should pay special attention (a) to recent reports of Convocation and its Committees on the Revision of the Prayer Book; (b) to opinions and desires expressed by Chaplains in the Navy and in the Army.'

This is a step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that the Committee will go further and consult the opinions and desires of the laity at large. After all, they are the people chiefly to be considered. Public worship is a public question, therefore the sphere of inquiry should not be confined to reports of Convocation and clerical evidence alone. The essential thing is to attract to public worship those who are repelled by its tedium. Let our beautiful services be rendered so that we may follow the sense of the words. The nation is not lacking in religious spirit, but, unless the Church delivers its message every Sunday in a more rational and intelligible fashion, men will surely continue to refrain from Church attendance, and seek other ways of approaching their God.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

FOUL WEATHER.

BY FLEET SURGEON.

‘Ye gentlemen of England!
That sit at home at ease,
Oh! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.’

OUT in the wild North Sea, two hundred miles from the nearest land, and that the land of the foe, His Majesty's battle cruisers, head to wind, are steaming at the reduced speed of ten knots. We do not expect to meet the German Fleet in force, but there are 'enterprises directed towards the North' of his that it is our duty to bring to naught, and for the last two days, as for the next two, we have been accomplishing it by the mere terror of our presence. This is a test of endurance, the seamen of England against the soldiers on board ships of Germany.

Down below in my cabin I sit with my chair securely jammed, and hang on to the writing-table with one hand. In this box of white painted steel, measuring only ten feet by eight feet by seven feet, I live and move and have my separate being from the rest of the mess. This cabin is one of the few provided with natural daylight—imagine, if you can, what the absence of that privilege means!—and is plainly furnished with a bunk having drawers underneath, a writing-table, a chair, and a folding washstand. In spite of my solitary scuttle, the use of the two electric lights on such a day as this is absolutely necessary. For two years and more this has been my home—wet sometimes, cold often, comfortless always.

The stern of the ship rises with a mighty heave, and the whole vessel vibrates furiously to the wriggle of our four propellers. Then down and down she sinks until there is an ominous pause in the movement, and the scuttle is buried in the grey-green sea, so that only the electric lights save me from utter darkness. Overhead I can hear the crash of hundreds of tons of water falling upon our quarter-deck. Then as the heave is repeated, combined with a sideways jerk and a roll that sends me trundling on to the deck, I can hear through the enormous thickness of the ship's steel

sides the Niagara of water as it hastens back to the ocean whence it came. The sound of falling water and the swish, swaash, swish, as it sweeps across the deck outside my cabin remind me that it is time to get my sea-boots on. So far the water is only two inches deep, but when it rises to the height of my eight-inch door coaming my cabin will be flooded. The water goes on steadily rising, and I clear my lower drawers in preparation for what I know is coming.

The ship stops, shudders, gasps, and then with a rapidly rolling motion glides down into the trough of the sea. Instinctively I grip at the table with one hand, whilst with the other I attempt to stay the flood of opening drawers which are emptying their contents on to the floor. Stupidly enough I have forgotten to lock them. Somehow or other I get them filled up and replaced, remembering this time to turn the key.

The hatches and ventilators on deck have all been battened down to prevent them from being filled with salt water as they are submerged beneath the waves, so of course the fans have been stopped and there has been no fresh-air supply to my cabin for over twenty-four hours. The atmosphere below is damp and almost unbreathable. One is heavy and stupid from carbonic acid gas poisoning. I have to sleep—yes! that is the word, *sleep*!—here to-night, so the less I continue to foul the limited supply of air the better. But where to go?

Anyhow, I must get some fresh air.

Sea-legs? I've had sea-legs for twenty years, but now I might just as well have wooden ones. The seas outside are averaging about twenty feet in height, and three every two minutes. The ship is rolling through an angle of 18 to 27 degrees, the latter being about the slope of the ordinary roof. These seas are short and jerky in the North Sea, where the shallow waters and confined space prevent the long smooth swell such as is found in the Atlantic, and over which we should ride in absolute comfort. Just imagine the room of the ordinary house rising bodily in the air for a distance of twenty feet every forty seconds, whilst in the same time the sides of the floor are alternately depressed and elevated through an arc of twenty degrees—a distance on this ship of sixteen feet. During twenty seconds the slope is towards you, and for the other twenty you are looking down a steep hill. At the maximum of each motion walking is impossible. The only method of progression is by taking a few short steps at the end of each pitch-roll-heave, and on my skill in forecasting the incidence

and duration of this period depends my immunity from serious injury. At the end of these short dashes I jam myself against a bulkhead, feeling lucky if I can get hold of the edges of a cabin doorway, which all the demons of the storm seem to be wrenching from my straining fingers. If I fail to seize hold of anything or am forced to let go, I sit down in the water in the passage at once to prevent myself being jerked like a stone from a catapult against the opposite bulkhead. Occasionally I make an error, and for days afterwards I shall feel the effects of the specially hardened steel which butts and bruises my breathless body.

After having advanced about fifty feet in five minutes, I wonder whether it is worth while going on. But the recollection of my cabin atmosphere warns me that if to go on is to get hurt, to go back is to be sick. Yes, sick! The sea, in all its power and majesty, from a typhoon in the Formosa Channel to a full gale amidst the mountainous rollers off Cape Leeuwin, has done its worst to make me sick, and failed. What the sea alone could not do, my dog-kennel could manage in five minutes with as little difficulty as if I had swallowed an emetic. And—I've got to sleep there to-night or take my chance on the upper mess-decks in a foot of water. Ugh!

I meet another officer in the narrow passage, and warily we watch one another like a couple of professional wrestlers manœuvring for an opening. Somehow or other we pass, he with a scratch on one side of his mouth and I with a wild stamp on my foot. As we balance for the fraction of a minute afterwards he shouts cheerily, 'Who would sell a farm and go to sea?' 'Harley Street and a good bedside manner for me!' I reply, and we stagger apart.

Our ships are built to fight, and after that—oh! a long way after that—to live in. Over two years of warfare have perfectly satisfied me as to their grim efficiency for the work we have at present in hand. But if I could get hold of the constructor who designed that ladder and hatchway, I could wish him no worse than to see him going up before me. Luckily the ladder has fairly open rungs, and, provided they are strongly enough fastened to withstand my efforts at tearing them away from the steel bulkhead, I ought to manage all right.

At last I am more or less in the open, breathing deep, welcome draughts of the purest air that man can know, laden with salt spray though it is. I am more or less sheltered from the full fury of the wind by the steel superstructure surrounding the lower part of the forebridge and looking down over the after part of the ship.

There is a leaden, lowering sky overhead, fringed as it meets the horizon by a band of steel-grey luminous mist. No movement is visible on that pall that shrouds the sun. Its immensity presses on the world and the brain contemplating it, threatening to crush both in its suggestion of ineffable gloom. Streaks of dark smoke are driven downwards into the sea from our funnels. Impelled by the angry blows of the storm gigantic waves rush madly past us, rearing with pain until, seeking to hide from the merciless hand that hunts them, they disappear under a smother of foam. They meet the ship in their course and, furious at this new obstacle which impedes their escape, break over and attempt to overwhelm her. Labouring heavily and jerkily, the ship raises first one side and then the other to her implacable enemy, which, balked in its efforts at crushing, dives under and by main force tries to heave her over. The open deck is a death-trap on which the swirling waters seem to be eagerly seeking the fool who would dare to attempt a crossing.

I am looking on at the most titanic struggle that ever takes place—a struggle which is so much a part of my life that its import barely attracts my attention. The most powerful and costly instrument made by man and, with one exception, the most destructive agency of the forces of nature, are joined in combat.

And down below on the sodden mess-deck a group of stokers are discussing the question of—leave! What else is there to discuss? Food? The galley has long ago been swamped out, and dry bread and a slice of corned beef are all they are likely to see for the next twenty-four hours. Sleep? The mess-decks have a foot of water on them, and the slung hammocks are banging with great, vicious whacks either against the bulkheads or the man lying alongside. Their clothing is wet and filthy; they are sick or hungry, or both; they are overworked, tired, and sleepy; they are living in unimaginable misery; they are smarting under the recollection of the loafer on shore who has stepped into their jobs and is walking out with their best girls. So they are discussing the question dearest to the sailor-man's heart. And as a specially heavy sea breaks in through the chinks in the gun port and souses them thoroughly for the twentieth time that day, these inexpressible lunatics burst into a roar of laughter and shout 'Do it again!'

.

The battle of Jutland is fought and over, and without undue haste, as becomes the rulers of the seas, we are returning with our

dead. Mourning our losses, but by no means cast down by them, we enter the narrow waters that lead to our base. We have carried out the duty for which we were born, trained, and paid. That 9000 of our friends and shipmates will never return to gladden the eyes of that silent, waiting crowd on the piers is the only message we shrink from delivering. We can feel through the horrible stillness of our progress to our billets how they con and recognise the ships as they pass. Gripped with deadly despair, they pray that the next ship may be *their* ship. 'Thank God! Thank God!' shouted one woman; 'that is the *Invincible*.' But it was the *Inflexible*. 'Where is the *Queen Mary*?' moaned another. 'Oh, where is the *Queen Mary*?' Ay, where?

These men were our past shipmates, our present friends, our future supports, bound to us by the all-powerful ties that link the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships. They had done their duty as they had lived, singly, simply, and worthily, and had fallen in no mean effort. Even amidst the unspeakable agonies of the water-tight compartments of the sunken ships, before the kindly hand of suffocation had eased their pain, we knew that they were content. We who, in all knowledge, had faced the same horrors and escaped to go back again and again to encounter them once more knew well what we had done. Still in our ears was ringing Sir David Beatty's signal, made in the grey dawn of the 1st of June, 'We hope to meet the enemy to-day and utterly annihilate him. Every man must do his utmost.' We remembered the long cruise up and down amongst the ghastly relics of the battle area, hoping against hope, and the failure of that hope. The value of our work we had gauged from that cruise and the utter failure of the enemy even to attempt a destroyer attack during the night.

Victory! We were not out for the victories which please the children and adorn newspaper headings. We were out to prove to the German that at whatever cost to ourselves, he ventured upon the open seas at his peril. He had been taught his lesson, and had had it rubbed into him in a way his grandchildren will never forget. Is it victory for Germany to know that the seas are closed to him while one English keel remains to dispute it—that come he in power or weakness, the result is the same? . . .

Our wounded are landed and our dead are buried, and we are free to go ashore for the short period the Service can spare us. We shrink from meeting our wives on the doorstep, lest the new-made widow next door may have her agony renewed at the sight. With

hearts swelling with anger, we note the pitying glances of the soldiers, who furtively look the other way and forget to salute us as we pass. In the streets of the local town we are hissed, for what do the men who guard the seas for the greatest maritime nation on earth deserve better? We have done our work and paid the price with our own bodies, but to this nation of shopkeepers the cost in ships is so excessive as to be worse than a cheaper defeat. Why didn't we run away and save our ships, when speed had been given us at great expense in order that we might do so? Why did Beatty attack the superior German fleet? Why didn't he fall back on the Grand Fleet? Why didn't he do this, that, and the other? In order, my parsimonious friend, that you might sleep in safety with your wife to-night!

It is all over and done with now, but—the Great Silent Navy does not easily forget. For the future we know that, as heretofore, we must do our work and hold our peace, leaving to history the kindly judgment our contemporaries have failed to give.

Our 'defeated' battle cruisers have ranged the North Sea at will, and now approach the far northern base where the great battleships, which have never seen anything except the sterns of the enemy, lie at anchor. As we round the point and approach the grim grey shapes, we can see that there is unusual activity about their decks, and we wonder what has happened. Gradually it dawns upon us that they are manning the ships, but even then we have no suspicion of what this means, the first time it has happened since the war started. As our anchors are let go, a burst of cheering thrice repeated swells in mighty unison from the throats of thirty thousand men, and fading into the distance, rises anew from the ships we cannot see. With a choking in our throats we read the signal flying from the flagship of our beloved Commander-in-Chief:

'Welcome to the Battle Cruiser Fleet.'

We are with our own people again.

We are content.

'Did you voyage all unspoken, small and lonely?

Or with fame, the happy fortune of the few?

So you win the Golden Harbour in the old way,

There's the old sea welcome waiting there for you.'

EX VOTO.

It was not the spirit of thanksgiving, but the restlessness of nerves unstrung which first drew Philip Lysaght to the old church of Sainte-Ursule.

Yet if he had been a praying man, he might well have knelt there in wondering humility. Five times during the month that immediately preceded his stay in the village he had escaped death in action by what our forefathers would have deemed a miracle. That his health was suffering from these repeated shocks neither he nor any one realised until after the last and worst, when it was found that the monstrous concussion of the shell which had spared him alone out of a dozen men had left him half-deaf, confused of speech, and shivering uncontrollably.

Angrily he tried to conceal these tell-tale symptoms, but in vain. An observant surgeon quickly discovered them, and after a short parley he found himself ordered not, as he secretly hoped, to England—his case was apparently not sufficiently serious for that—but to a village some miles behind the fighting line.

There were several other officers at Sainte-Ursule when he arrived; lame ducks like himself, who had been sent there for rest, or to recover from some slight illness. Together they filled a table at the little inn, and their desultory conversation, though it could not be called amusing, had at least the merit of keeping horrid memories at bay.

At first Lysaght clung almost shamefacedly to their company: he was too ill to wish for his own. But as he slowly recovered his nervous balance and the priceless power of sleep, he began to stray from the friendly circle; going the length of the village street as a tentative experiment, then farther and farther afield.

The desire for solitude, once awakened, became imperious; the distraction of other men's voices less welcome. At length on a grey and still September afternoon he made his way for the first time to the parish church.

The village of Sainte-Ursule is old without being specially picturesque; in time of peace no tourist would dream of lingering there. But nowadays, and for eyes that have been seared by the desolation of the Somme front, its thatched cottages dotted among orchards, its homely cobbled streets, even the too pungent

farmyard that you must needs pass on the way from the inn to the general shop, wear the nameless charm of immunity. The war has passed Sainte-Ursule by : it is unscathed. The enemy has never profaned it by his presence : even the kindly faces of English soldiers appear there but seldom. For it is set apart from the main roads of the district, and the tortuous lanes that lead to it have a bad name among the drivers of transport waggons.

And so it lies like an island beyond the dark tide of war : far off the muffled voices of the guns give eerie intensity to its slumber. As the village, so is the church—a low building, whose Romanesque origin has been obscured by later and inferior work. The rugged porch over the south door, with its profusion of dog-tooth moulding, gives unfulfilled promise of grandeur within.

Long ago Lysaght had seen the soaring cathedral cliffs, the jewelled brightness of Chartres and Le Mans ; perhaps he instinctively expected every aged French church to display some measure of these glories. But this little church could never have been strikingly beautiful ; its proportions were imperfect, its lines somewhat confused ; the remnants of ancient glass which it displayed lacked the authentic mediaeval glow.

Yet the longer Lysaght remained, the more he perceived its charm. It had the distinction that is not immediately evident ; the appeal which belongs to years and sanctity, and is never more arresting than when it dwells on marred and homely faces.

The young Englishman walked slowly round the church : save for a few village folk it was empty, and he judged that his light and cautious footsteps would not disturb these scattered worshippers. Then he entered a dim side chapel, and seating himself on a bench opposite the altar, leaned back to enjoy the silence which brooded there.

When he first arrived at Sainte-Ursule, the place seemed to him quiet enough in all conscience ; but with every day he stayed there he craved a larger silence. The voices of children at play annoyed him ; had he not feared to imperil the Entente he would gladly have slain the village hens in their moments of noisy complacency.

Here at last behind the heavy leather doors of the little church he found what was more to him than food and shelter, hardly less precious than sleep. The deep tranquillity of the house of God enfolded him ; he rested in its bosom like a storm-spent ship becalmed.

It was part of the trial of his convalescence that he could neither put away the thought of his return to danger, nor view it with his former equanimity. That effortless poise, that cheery indifference to the shadow of death, the fruits of perfect health and courage, had departed; he did not know whether he should ever recapture them. For the first time in his life he knew the fear of death—not as an assassin, its paralysing grip upon his throat, but as a distorted image of himself, a furtive, constant companion upon whose features he dared not look.

His youth rebelled as never before against the thought of extinction. In the light of the all too possible end, life that had always been fair in his eyes began to wear an almost unnatural beauty, as though the fiery sunsets of the declining year should shine upon the verdure and the promise of May.

But gradually, while he sat alone in the dark chapel that afternoon, the tormentor vanished, and he was able to taste the full blessedness of his release.

In front of him, near the altar rails, he was aware of a gaunt iron stand, from which jutted two curving branches furnished with sconces for the reception of votive lights. The thing was vacant but for one taper only, that stood a tall and comely sentinel, bearing an ample flame. Its rays faintly illumined the tiny apse of the chapel, and revealed in the obscurity above the altar a bracket which bore an upright figure, but whether of monk or woman, of bronze or gleaming oak, Lysaght could not determine. For a few moments, staring upwards, it amused him to speculate upon the sex and virtues of the time-blackened image; then his gaze returned to the bright watcher below.

How radiant it was, how perfectly absorbed in its inscrutable devotion! It burned immovable as marble in the windless gloom of the chapel. Who would have believed that a creature so wayward and vacillating as flame, so impatient of human discipline, could subdue itself to such pure intensity of composure! In the aloofness of its placid brilliance it reminded Lysaght of a jewel. Yet unlike the stones that merchants covet this lovelier jewel had kinship with the soul of man; it too breathed and aspired; for ever and again he perceived a mysterious throbbing at its heart, a tremor too faint for passion, too transient to mar its ineffable repose.

The lowering autumn sky grew dark and darker while Lysaght sat fascinated, watching the taper whose glowing stillness lay like

a charm upon his weary senses. The little sentinel seemed an image in miniature of beauty, security, contemplation—all that is not war. It might have been burning in another world than this, he thought; nothing at Sainte-Ursule had given him such a feeling of measureless distance from the campaign. Almost with amazement he contrasted that which it symbolised with the horrors he had witnessed. For the first time since he came to Sainte-Ursule he could afford to remember them: a sense of dream-like peace interposed between their sharp reality and his imagination. The dim chapel gave him sanctuary even from himself.

He began to wonder for what pious end the taper had been lighted, and by whom. He wished that some one would come into the chapel that he might have a chance to inquire. His French was lame, but he had a little pocket dictionary in reserve. Or he could get O'Halloran, the young Irish subaltern at the inn, to question some likely-looking fellow Catholic after Mass. Whatever the object of this patient vigil, Lysaght hoped it would be attained.

Not that he felt for the human spirit that spoke by the offering any but a vague and general sympathy. He desired the satisfaction of its need, nothing more. He was not a practising Christian; he confessed no definite religious belief. Had he first learned the faith of Christ from childhood's most effectual missionary, a believing mother, he might not have lost the treasure which, looking back, he realised he had never fully possessed. But he had been an orphan from the age of five, and the religion of the kindly relatives who brought him up lacked that personal heat without which faith dwindles to merely emotional respectability. He shared it through his boyhood without guessing how little hold it had upon him.

But when he entered the University he underwent the gradual disillusionment that awaits all except those to whom faith is a vital necessity, to be fought for with sweat and tears. It was an almost painless process. He neither welcomed nor resisted the change, nor was it hastened by much reading and controversy. Lysaght was not markedly intellectual, but he was sensitive to mental atmosphere. The very air he breathed sufficed to kill the bloodless faith he had brought to Oxford.

He might have mourned its passing, the protest of the spirit might have been sharper if the flesh had been less docile. But his nature was fastidious and wholesome, and turned instinctively from crooked ways. And he missed his faith the less that his earthly prospects were so bright. Lysaght was sole heir to a rich

man ; before him seemed to be unfolding the burdenless existence which English youth will surely know no more. He left Oxford to explore the world, and spent the next three years in leisurely travel.

The war broke out and caught him in its toils before he had known sorrow, or failure, or any of life's supreme experience.

Lysaght had no idea how long he and the taper had been keeping watch together when the swing door on the opposite side of the church opened, letting in a momentary strip of daylight, and a shabby middle-aged woman entered. He waited eagerly to see whether she would approach the chapel, prepared if she should look kindly at him to risk a discreet question in his best French. She crossed the church and came towards him ; then, however, she turned at right angles up an aisle that led to the east end. Soon he could hear her in the sacristy behind the high altar moving chairs about and opening a window.

Clearly this was not, as he had fancied, the pious giver of the light, but some kind of ecclesiastical charwoman !

Yet, to his surprise, he was glad he had not had the chance of speaking to her. He was suddenly aware that he did not wish to be told the history of the taper ; he would rather respect its secret, let it live out its little span in mystery. He wondered how many hours such things take to consume away, and whether he should find it still alight when he returned. Already he realised that it would draw him back on the morrow.

It was late next day before Lysaght had the chance to slip away to church unobserved by his friends at the inn. The glass was falling and the weather, which up till then had been fine and still, showed signs of change. A light breeze had arisen, gently shaking the fruit off the laden apple-trees of Sainte-Ursule ; it whispered outside the old church and sent from time to time a faint irregular draught through the little chapel.

As soon as he entered, Lysaght saw with satisfaction that the lonely taper was still alight, though it was plain to him that the watcher of yesterday had burnt out and been relieved in his absence by another and a taller one. But that a fresh taper had been lit in no way disturbed his sense of pious continuity. The glowing tip of the heavenward-pointing arrow was unchanged, its destination was the same, and the same, doubtless, the need of the stranger who had aimed it. His fancy, however, dwelt less and less upon the human soul behind the offering ; the pious hands that had dedicated it were easy to forget, since to him they were invisible.

Lysaght was more than ever content to ignore its sacred object. Whether it were in him an unsuspected vein of mysticism, or only the almost hypnotic influence of that peaceful glowing upon his troubled nerves, he was conscious of a mutual attraction, an affinity between himself and the flame.

Yesterday it had been wrapped in celestial stillness; to-day it responded faintly to the call of earth, for the draught that moved in the chapel shook it a little in passing. To Lysaght the watcher was as beautiful in its momentary wavering as in rest, and far more lovable. There was something almost of emotion, it seemed to him, in this alternating agitation and repose. He wished that he could with sincerity have lighted the candle himself, and that it were even now interceding for his safety.

That day the dread of death again lay heavy on him, and loathing for the trench life to which he must soon return; he would have given every earthly prospect to know that he had been honourably released from further service. Love of country and adventure; the pride in being of those who have risked their all for liberty—all the complex moral support which hitherto had carried him so buoyantly through the war seemed to have failed him.

Lysaght was not specially reflective: even the grisly sights he had witnessed in action had not hitherto set him pondering ultimate problems. Life at the front had been too strenuous, too bristling with emergencies for that. But now in the penetrating silence of the little church that so subtly deepened his sense of personal isolation, the mystery of evil at last confronted him with all its power.

Yet its challenge was practical rather than speculative; he was called on not so much to explain as to endure the dreadful spectacle of human strife.

And with the challenge there dawned on him the wistful consciousness of a great need. For the first time in his life he craved to possess the faith that spoke by the taper.

Not that he desired entrance to the scarred and hoary fortress called Rome; but he longed to capture for himself the Christian's vital treasure, that belief in a living God of which the emblems about him were the poor earthly adornment. Nothing lower, nothing less, he felt, could now restore him.

Reason, abetted by the imp within us that delights to mock our heart's need, at once supplied him with an armoury of familiar objections to a definite and organic faith. He heard them; he

admitted their power; but this acquiescence could not satisfy his hunger, nor lull his sense of spiritual nakedness in the face of moral assault.

That afternoon, though there were several worshippers in the body of the church, Lysaght was again the only occupant of the side chapel. But presently, while he wrestled with the tormentor that was not so much fear for his life as the dread of fear, a misery beyond the power of the flame to charm away, a stooping elderly peasant, who looked like a small farmer, approached the chapel. His faded eyes brightened for a moment with wonder, almost with pleasure, as soon as he discovered the young soldier. Yet the eyes that met his were observant rather than friendly, for Lysaght intuitively recognised in the old man the dedicant of the votive light. For a moment the new-comer seemed about to speak. Then, changing his mind, he knelt down against a little bench placed below the taper, whose soft beams shone on his long, grizzled hair, and the knotty hands that hid his face.

Furtively watching him, Lysaght saw that the whole man was absorbed in supplication, and that his heart was heavy. There was something passionate in his very immobility which spoke as clearly as words.

A thrill of answering sympathy and the desire not to wound him by remaining a cool spectator of his fervour moved Lysaght also to kneel down. But with that the impulse ended; he found no words to utter on his own behalf—not so much as a momentary petition for the old man. He did not even attempt one; the hinges of the door of prayer had rusted.

He experienced instead a sharp unreasonable pang of jealousy: it was as though the stranger had intruded between the taper and himself.

In this disconcerting mood he continued for a little while before its meaning dawned upon his imagination. Then the mysterious tie was suddenly revealed which bound him to the flame!

The longer he had borne it company in that haven of worship and silence, the more perfectly it had seemed to be his own. But now he saw in a flash that this frail ardent thing was more—far more—than merely his possession.

‘Not mine—but myself!’

Life, *his* life was immanent in this ethereal presence, neither spirit nor matter, that burned before his eyes. It was such a

recognition as appeals from sober logic to higher, more discerning courts; had he wished to do so, Lysaght could not have argued the matter with himself.

This was no fancy, but vision!

And the taper was set for a sign by which he might foreknow his destiny. Should he leave it still burning when the time came for his return to the trenches, then he would survive the war, nor lack a man's courage, no matter through what perils.

Should it go out, or be extinguished . . .

But it would *not* go out! At that moment he was as sure of its persisting as of his own identity.

With awe he watched between his parted fingers the soft irregular pulsing of the flame. Surely it vibrated with almost human passion: he could fancy that the godward aspirations of his boyhood, discredited, atrophied as he believed long since, survived and spoke by this priestly *alter ego*.

In it, by it, even now he prayed!

Long he lingered in almost trance-like absorption, oblivious of the old man who still knelt before him: then went away with a lightened heart.

That night the wind became increasingly violent, but for some hours Lysaght slept too well to heed it. At length, about one o'clock, a fierce onslaught on his creaking shutters woke him with an unpleasant start. He sat up in the darkness, and his thoughts travelled at a bound to the votive taper.

How was it faring? Had it resisted that last assault? And if so, what of the next—and the next? However much the protecting walls of the church might lessen their fury, the gusts in the chapel must be fierce enough to destroy it. He cursed himself for his weakness, but as he thought of the danger it ran he could feel the cold beads standing on his forehead.

'If it is blown out, I shall certainly be killed!'

It was easier to accuse himself of childish folly than to silence in the tumult of the autumn midnight a conviction that asked no support of probability, or common sense, or any of the other worthies who attend upon reason at noon!

If Lysaght had not known that the doors of both the inn and the church were fast, and shrunk from rousing comrades who would undoubtedly think him mad, he would have thrown on his clothes and hurried, even at that hour, to move the taper to some place of greater safety.

But the dread of betraying his mystic preoccupation was stronger even than his fears. Hour after hour he lay awake, trembling for the fragile life on which his own life hung, awaiting in an agony of suspense the end of each recurring lull.

At length, towards morning, the gale seemed to have spent itself, and as Lysaght listened to the swish of the falling rain he knew at least the relief of fatalism.

'If it's gone, it's gone! There's no use troubling any more,' he thought, and supposed himself forearmed against the sight of a blinded candle.

But as he hurried before breakfast to the church, that he might know the worst at once, his terrors revived. His hands shook: he felt almost sick with anxiety as he entered the dripping porch and pushed open the swing door.

'Thank God!'

The exclamation was instinctive, for there across the dim intervening space he saw the golden eye still glowed and watched for his coming.

So it was not to be! He was saved. He was to survive the war; Death had rejected him. The omen gave him a new and triumphant conviction of future safety.

Low Mass was in progress, but Lysaght forgot everything save the welcoming flame as he hurried to where it burned apart.

He fell on his knees before the little beacon that stood between him and shipwreck, and tears of nervous exhaustion rolled slowly down his face, wetting his trembling hands. He returned as soon as he felt sufficiently calm to the inn, and that day his friends thought they had never seen him so cheerful and full of humour.

* * * * *

Four more days of quiet walks and talks with O'Halloran and the rest, of secret communing with the taper, and Lysaght's time at Sainte-Ursule was over. He received orders to return to duty on the morrow. He was wonderfully restored both in mind and body; though he would have been glad to stay away longer, he felt able to resume the hourly strain of the trenches. The halcyon weather too which had succeeded the storm seemed in keeping with his placid mood, and helped to deepen it.

Lysaght would not too closely consider in those last precious days the nature of his serenity, or its dependence upon the taper. The ugly but inevitable word Superstition would have jarred upon

his self-respect ; he preferred to enjoy his Indian summer of well-being unquestioned. Strange remedies cure strange ills, he knew ; and when he recalled his night of terror he viewed it almost impersonally, and without apprehension. The past was done with ; he was well again, and could risk an occasional backward glance at that strange experience.

Meanwhile he still drew inexplicable comfort from the taper's continued shining. He had almost forgotten that it had relation to any one besides himself ; nor did the old man he had seen praying in the chapel again appear there to remind him.

Even the regular substitution of a new candle as often as its predecessor grew to an end no longer piqued his curiosity. But though his mind reflected the charmed quiet of the harvest fields among which he wandered, where in full beauty Summer lingered, shorn only of its fierceness, the anguish he had so lately experienced had left its mark on him. The desire for faith in a Divine Father of men grew less acutely painful during those last golden days at Sainte-Ursule. But it remained with him—a bitter-sweet persistent craving which now he would not for much treasure have forgone. In the very longing was mysterious satisfaction ; if the sense of loneliness it gave him had died away, paradoxically he felt that he would have been more lonely still.

Was there in mere consciousness of lack, mere emptiness of spirit, any evidential value ? Dared a man deduce from his power to imagine the bliss of such shelter, the existence of Everlasting Arms ?

Again prudence warned him not yet to argue the matter with himself, lest he should confuse and harass his pure simplicity of desire. So he hugged it to himself, and let the pregnant silence of the flame speak for him.

After all, it seemed to him that he must be by nature a praying man, since the thought of this unuttered worship gave him such consolation. Surely the dumb aspiration thus vicariously presented must avail to beget in him, if not the supernatural grace of which Christians tell, at least a subjective blessing. Had he been a more impulsive man, he could fancy that such wistful singleness of heart as his would have made bold to leap into the uncharted void and clasp the Unknown to itself. But Lysaght was as enterprising in action as in spiritual regions he was cautious and slow to adventure.

At half-past six in the dewy freshness of the day on which he was to leave Sainte-Ursule, he walked for the last time to the old church.

He had packed and breakfasted ; there was still a quiet hour before him.

Early though it was, Mass had been said, it seemed, earlier still, for he saw a few village folk leaving the church as he approached it.

Lysaght had no mind to be observed while he took his leave of the flame. He waited at the churchyard gate, and let the congregation disperse before he walked up the narrow path which led to the porch, and for the last time pushed open the leather door that hid the taper from him.

He entered unsuspectingly, his gaze seeking the chapel opposite ; the door closed with a muffled thud behind him. Then he stopped abruptly, and a great darkness swam before his senses.

The taper was there still—*but it was dead !*

The shock of the discovery so completely overwhelmed Lysaght that his limbs failed under him ; he dropped into the nearest seat and buried his face in his hands.

* * * * *

How had it died ? And why ? He must have certainty forthwith. He got on his feet, and walking unsteadily across the nave stopped beside a little wrinkled peasant woman who was telling her beads near the screen of the empty chapel. Perhaps he looked bewildered, for before he could accost her she rose from her knees and gazed up into his face.

‘Eteint !’ he said thickly, and pointed to the blind candle

‘Mais oui, Monsieur !’

‘A quelle heure ?’

‘Il y a une heure à peine.’

‘Pourquoi ?’

‘C’est que la fille de Monsieur Larousse vient de mourir cette nuit. C’est lui qui a fait allumer le cierge. Voilà trois mois qu’elle est malade, et que ça brûle. Maintenant il n’en veut plus. . . . Hélas, le pauvre homme ! . . . Mais il est courageux . . . il se résigne. . . .’

Tears gathered in her eyes as she spoke.

No doubt she wondered why the young Englishman looked so strange, but she was too well-bred to question him in her turn.

Lysaght, for his part, said no more ; he strode past her into the chapel, and remained gazing blankly upon the image of his fate.

To the outward eye he stood almost as motionless as the chill

white stem which still seemed to await the clemency of the Saint ; but within him was bitter disorder. The charmed stillness of his mind had been shattered at a blow ; it was as though the flame had betrayed him.

Desperately he strove to master the tumult of foreboding that now overwhelmed him, to mock it away, to persuade himself that here was no omen, but the natural impulse of a stricken father. But not at will could he destroy the sense of mystic unity between the taper's being and his own which for days he had nursed. He had challenged the dark future, and thus it had answered him.

One thing was certain : he could not return defenceless to the valley of the shadow. He must repair this disaster, must lull by some new remedy the anguish that filled him. And the time was short. Himself to dedicate a taper for his own safety was impossible to him : it would have been a clumsy, an all too hollow form. But might not some kindly soul—perhaps this poor old woman—of her charity undertake his cause ?

Almost without his volition but with a thrill of relief, he found himself hurrying down the village street.

There was a bundle of ecclesiastical tapers in the window of the general shop from which Monsieur Larousse had doubtless drawn his supply. Lysaght had long since noticed them with satisfaction. At another time he would have been shy of buying any, but now extremity made him bold.

Five minutes later he was on his way back to the church, carrying in a parcel two of the largest tapers. With these she could begin her intercession, and he would leave with her money to purchase more. Hope mingled with his anxiety ; for the moment his chief preoccupation was lest the old woman should have gone home. But she was there still, in the shadow cast by the same pillar, with the same shaft of dusty sunlight behind her. He came towards her with decent haste, and as he did so she looked up astonished.

Lysaght tried to speak, but his heart beat to suffocation, his poor French deserted him. He had turned very white.

'Qu'est-ce que Monsieur désire ?' said the old peasant, coming towards him, and speaking gently, as though she knew he was in trouble.

'Anglais—pas parler Français bien—attendez, s'il vous plait,' he answered, and that he might obviate her curiosity and have a chance to compose himself and to find speech, he went again into

the little sanctuary close by and knelt down where the poor father had knelt before him.

The old woman waited, watching him ; but she did not attempt to follow. He was alone with the extinguished taper.

' Je vous prie, Madame. . . . Veuillez bien faire brûler . . . ' he whispered to himself.

The words occurred to him slowly, leaving awkward gaps. But there was nothing strange in that. He had been too much shaken to think out easily a lucid expression of his wishes. What was strange was not to lack words, but to feel the impulse behind them grow weaker—die away !

Lysaght had supposed that he knew his own nature too well for it ever to take him by surprise, but now in the tense silence he heard it speak with him in a new tongue.

' You can't do this because you are not a believer ! Give it up ! Be a man ! '

Strangest of all, he did not dispute the protest that clashed with his necessity, forbidding him even such ghostly armour as a taper could afford, but startled out of his misery listened for the voice to speak again.

And in those timeless moments of suspense the fierce desire to survive which had urged him to this expedient passed from him. He was conscious less of renunciation at the call of intellectual honour, than of achieved and unconditional surrender to some authority unknown. Desire remained—desire unutterable, such desire as consumes all lesser longings ; but it was for the light in which mortality is transfigured.

Language halts on the threshold of the soul's vital mysteries ; it can utter at best the end and not the means ; the emerging leaf and bud, not the dim passion of the creative sap. So Lysaght could never have explained, even to himself, by what ineffable process that was wrought in him which alone could satisfy his need.

But as he knelt before the dead taper whose setting had left him in darkness, he knew that after a heavenly manner it had been rekindled. Only now it burned within a secret wind-still chamber of his heart. A faint and tender beam, too newly lighted to illumine the gloom of this traving world, yet not so faint but that it diffused quietness and humble fortitude.

He had not prayed for faith, not even for stoical acceptance of the veiled future ; he was aware as yet of no intellectual re-birth, nor of hope renewed, nor of any sharply defined emotion ; only of

such heart's ease, unexpected, all but incredible, as stilled the clamour of the natural man, releasing him from every fear.

Could this be faith—this inner warmth ; this happy, trembling confidence that reposed upon no unassailable sanction, but simply *was* ?

'O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth that they may lead me !'

Again the voice sounded suddenly in his heart, clear and arresting as a distant bell.

Was it only dispassionate memory, recalling words that had long lost for him all personal content, or was it—prayer ; the sleep-waking cry of faith frost-bound within him, but undestroyed, and even now opening heavy eyelids to the spring ?

Lysaght knew only that they uttered his inmost need, as for the first time in his life with wistful eagerness he repeated them again and again.

* * * * *

The church clock struck eight—it was high time for him to be going. But first he would leave his purchase with the kind old woman ; a stranger's sympathy might give pleasure to her, perhaps even to the desolate father, and he himself could dispense with tapers of wax, for he was bearing away from Sainte-Ursule a light not lit with hands.

Lysaght stopped as he passed her on his way out, and interrupting the rosary, which in despair at his slowness she had resumed, bent down and put the tapers in her lap.

'Pour la fille de Monsieur Larousse,' he said. *'Allumez—je vous prie—pour le repos de son âme.'*

E. H. LIDDERDALE.

FRANK BURNAND.

BY TOBY, M.P.

'No flowers (of speech) by request,' Frank Burnand wrote to me in anticipation of his presiding for the last time at the weekly *Punch* dinner.

In the *Times* of April 21 there appeared notification of his death in his eighty-first year, concluding with the intimation 'no flowers.' There were other coincidences in his passing away. He died on a Saturday, the weekday which for more than a quarter of a century he had been accustomed to devote to the final preparations of *Punch* for the press. He was buried on the following Wednesday, the day of the week when, from time immemorial, the *Punch* dinner has been held. He would, I fancy, like to have known of this singular concatenation of dates.

In deprecating speech-making on his final appearance in the editorial chair, Burnand was anxious to avoid anything in the way of a scene at the close of an intimate connexion with colleagues some of whom had sat with him at table through the full twenty-four years of his editorship. His wish was respected in the matter of refraining from anything in the form of formal speech-making, a habit wholly foreign to Mr. Punch's board. But it was impossible to carry on to the end the appearance of the ordinary weekly dinner. At the close of the sitting some simple words were said across the table by representative members of the staff, to which the retiring captain made response, dignified and touching in its simplicity. Nothing could have been in better keeping with the terms on which the little companionship are accustomed to live and work than this final scene in a memorable career.

Although Burnand surrendered the chair to a younger man it was understood that he would not absolutely terminate his association with the table. When Thackeray resigned his place on the *Punch* staff he did not finally withdraw from the hospitable 'Old Mahogany Tree' he lovingly sang. Up to the period of his death he occasionally dropped in at the dinner hour, to meet with warm welcome from old friends. The same honorary membership was bestowed upon Sir John Tenniel when he finished his long labour, and it was heartily extended to Sir Frank Burnand. Once,

and once only, after his retirement Tenniel's beaming smile shone over the table and his old companions. Burnand 'came back to Lochaber no more.'

While he filled the editorial chair for nearly a quarter of a century, his connexion with *Punch* as a contributor runs back for fifty-four years. Like Thackeray, he, at the outset of his career, 'fancied himself' rather as an artist than a writer. In many of his letters to me he dropped in a sketch, hopelessly bad as to the drawing, but full of humour.

His principal achievement at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated, was the founding of an amateur dramatic club, which still flourishes as the A.D.C. Casting about for a profession, he concluded he would take priestly orders. He made some formal preparation under the direction of Dr. Manning, but soon discovered that he was not born for the Church. The next best thing seemed to be the stage, which he trod for a brief time at Edinburgh. Next he thought of the Bar, and was actually 'called,' but, as he said, he 'didn't come.' His first appearance in the paper in whose life later he filled a predominant part, was a sketch sent in whilst he was an undergraduate at Cambridge. The idea was sufficiently attractive, but the drawing lacked finish, as Disraeli said of Horsman's invective. Leech touched it up with the magic of his pencil, and it duly appeared. Burnand later became a regular contributor to the pages of *Fun*, at the time, with the assistance of a brilliant staff, attempting to dislodge *Punch* from the pre-eminence of its popularity.

At that period, the mid-Victorian era when public taste was bad in other respects than furniture and frocks, sensationalism of a lurid kind pervaded the cheap press. The *London Journal* was the principal, most prolific, contributor to this fashion. Burnand, closely following the style of the original, wrote a fearsome story he called 'Mokeanna.' The proprietor of *Fun* saw no fun in it, returning the contribution on the hands of the struggling writer. Burnand submitted it next to Mark Lemon, then editor of *Punch*, who not only jumped at the idea, but suggested means of carrying it out that contributed to its immediate success. Sir John Gilbert was engaged to illustrate the story in a flamboyant style burlesquing his own. Type was used that presented a facsimile of a page of the *London Journal*. 'Mokeanna' had a great run, carrying on its back the author of its being to fame and fortune.

Burnand well remembered his first *Punch* dinner. It was

spread all on a summer day in an old inn at Dulwich. Thackeray was there, and was kindly enthusiastic in his reception of the recruit whose diploma work none had admired more than he, to whom in some quarters the work had been attributed. The custom of dining out in summer-time, dating as far back as this occasion memorable to Burnand, was observed during the life of William Bradbury, business manager of the firm of publishers into whose possession *Punch* fell whilst in its teens and under whose direction it greatly prospered. In his hearty cheeriness and his abounding hospitality, William Bradbury was personally a fitting embodiment of *Punch* in genial mood.

In anticipation of my first dinner in Bouverie Street I surmised a beef-steak, or possibly a joint, flanked by tankards of stout or bitter. That was not William Bradbury's idea of the fare to set before the company to whom he affectionately alluded as 'my boys.' Nothing was too good for them, whether in the way of meat or drink, and, regardless of cost, they had both in abundance. The dinner customarily served in the office in Bouverie Street on the table on which are cut the names of men famous during the last sixty years in literature and art, was pleasantly varied by trips up the river to a famous hostelry—the Mitre at Hampton Court for choice—or a coach-and-four drive to Sevenoaks or other place where rural beauty was supplemented by proximity of an inn honourably known for its wine cellar and its table traits.

At one period of Burnand's editorship there sprang up the custom, soothing after hard labour, of ordering the dinner for the following week. The cartoon settled, the fagged company bent renewed energies on the menu for the following Wednesday. In a note from Burnand, the year as usual undated, he writes :

'The other night at Mrs. Jeune's [later Lady St. Helier] we had wild duck and Bigarade sauce which so much astonished the Table when I ordered it on the bill of fare. At Mrs. Jeune's it was done admirably. At the Table it wasn't—all the difference. But you don't even know of it, you, the Brillat-Savarin of the so-called Nineteenth century !'

On this same topic of dinners, rather a favourite one, he wrote, under date February 1, 1888 :

'Oh, you humbug ! You not dining out ! Marry come up, forsooth go to. Go to—. Well, I hope you will keep well. Yes, we'll dine with thee. Thou hast asked us on the very day we can

dine with you : couldn't be better. I am Robsoning Rooseing. I was there to-day, shall be there to-morrow. Too much dieting will not suit me. But it will suit you and you must be very careful. I have told Roose what a chap you are. Don't have too many Marquises and Earls and Dukes to meet me. Bless thee and thy wife. Yours ever.'

The Robson Roose alluded to was the famous doctor who at one time had the majority of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet in his charge. He was Lord Randolph Churchill's doctor through some anxious years, attending him to the last.

Later in life, Burnand's once powerful constitution showing signs of breaking up, he was placed under Spartan restrictions with respect to diet. Of this condition he as usual made fun. Writing from Ramsgate on October 9, 1905, he says :

'I make progress in the Land of Lithia where the Wiskivites live. There I fear I shall for some time dwell. With all the Flesh-meat family I am dead cuts (Cuts not Cats). Priscilla Potage I now never press to my lips. I find my truest friends in the firm Fish & Co., Billingsgate. Peter Poultry is always with me.'

Which all meant that his daily regime, omitting soup, was limited to fish and poultry (not a poor provision), his drink to lithia water, flavoured with a little whisky.

Burnand was a voluminous letter-writer. Rarely a day, never a week, passed without receipt of a letter written in his own hand. Present one day at the proceedings of the Parnell Commission, he dashed off the following :

'What is the atmosphere of Bouverie Street compared with that of the Court during the sitting of the Parnell Commission ? Why, since it is ventilating the Irish question, should it not itself be ventilated ? Biggar delightful. You couldn't see him where you sat. Davitt repressed Healy when the latter made an objectionable remark and was corrected by Hannen [President of the Court]. The usher is beautiful. He ought to be on the Bench. He was genuinely amused at everything. When there's likely to be a scene I shall look in again, but with a bagpipe full of pure air—pure air of Scotland—under my arm. Did you see Arthur à Beckett's umbrella !! [Here follows a pen-and-ink sketch showing an opened umbrella (obscuring the head of the owner), whereof Burnand not unnecessarily explained :] The white strips represent where it wanted mending.'

The white strips were extravagantly wide.

Of more lasting fame than 'Mokeyanna' was the series of 'Happy Thoughts' with which he made his next hit in the pages of *Punch*. It is one of the few contributions to periodical literature that have added a phrase to common conversation.

In the autumn of 1880, on the death of Tom Taylor, Burnand naturally succeeded him as editor. None of those present will forget the dinner in honour of his installation. It was held at the Albion, in the City, and, contrary to immemorial custom, outsiders were bidden to the feast. At the regular weekly *Punch* dinner the waiters before withdrawing from the room place on the table at the right hand of the editor pens, ink and paper, and business forthwith begins. At the Albion dinner this custom was observed with added solemnity, and the guests, who far outnumbered the habitual half-dozen who meet at the Wednesday dinner, being also supplied with writing materials, were invited to suggest a cartoon for the following week. There was full response, but none was adopted.

As editor of *Punch*, a writer of burlesques, a good friend, a cheery companion, the life and soul of any dinner party at which he might be present, Burnand's reputation was long established in diverse circles of social life in London. But it was at the weekly dinner of *Punch* that these qualities shone forth with fullest, most sustained lustre. He was literally at home with the little brotherhood, over which it can hardly be said he presided week by week through twenty-four years. He never assumed the editorial air, or put on the presidential manner. The *Punch* staff realises in unique perfection the dream of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—especially fraternity. But as there is important business to be done at the dinner table someone must direct the proceedings, and, without overt effort, the followers unconscious of the kindly leash, Burnand led.

Some people were inclined to believe that *Punch* sorely drooped, was almost flattened, under the ponderosity of Tom Taylor. Burnand early succeeded in removing this reproach, the paper instantly feeling the impulse of his abundant vitality. He was ever on the look-out for new blood, and dolorously lamented the exceeding smallness of suitable supply. His painstaking patience was marvellously displayed on Wednesday nights during discussion over the subject and the treatment of the cartoon. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease and, taking up their

Punch on a Wednesday morning, study the cartoon, suppose it was settled, designed, drawn and printed during the previous night, with the latest telegrams and special editions of the evening papers at hand for suggestion and guidance. It is no criminal disclosure of secrets of the prison-house to say that the *Punch* cartoon is arranged in all its details a clear week before the day of publication. Considering that it chiefly deals with the rapidly revolving course of politics, and that it must needs hit on or about the centre of the target as it may be set up a week later, it will be seen that the task is one of no slight difficulty and delicacy.

Sometimes by happy inspiration, or by obvious arrangement of events, the work of the night may be disposed of in a quarter of an hour. There are times when two, even three, hours are occupied in close discussion. At such crises Burnand's clear-sightedness, his judicial frame of mind, his patience and perseverance were indomitable. He listened to every suggestion, quickly caught at any that seemed promising, had it beaten out till its quality was ascertained, and, if it proved a failure, began all over again on another tack.

When the cartoon was out of hand (it was known at the dinner table as 'the big Cut') Burnand, with the abandon of a schoolboy freed for play after a morning's task, literally bubbled with jokes, which lost nothing of their effect from the contagion of his own hearty enjoyment. It was the same with his correspondence. Considering the pressure and amount of his literary work, it amazed me to receive from him at brief intervals letters of four, sometimes eight pages—not dictated or typewritten, but written by his own hand. Quip and crank gleamed on every page, absolutely unpremeditated, apparently born of the spluttering of his pen. In one letter received from him, a pencilled card written from his bed, he concludes: 'Now I think I'll doze; sapientia doze-it.' Not very good, you will say. Obvious when it is done. But there it is. The pity of the case and the irrepressible flash of nature, the sick humorist, the tired punster, wearied with the effort of writing a few lines, flickering up with a final jest.

Burnand's humour was as spontaneous as it was inexhaustible. I remember one night talking with him amid the crush at the Foreign Office on a Birthday night. A be-starred and be-ribboned guest came up and warmly greeted him, but with a puzzled look he did not reciprocate the recognition.

'Ah,' said the stranger, 'I see you don't know me from Adam.'

'My dear fellow,' replied Frank, 'I didn't know Adam.'

One time he appeared before the Income Tax Commissioners to protest against what he resented as a too liberal estimate of his income. In reply to searching inquiries he was a little hazy about particulars.

'Surely,' said the presiding Commissioner, born and bred a man of business, 'you must keep books.'

'No, indeed,' said Burnand. 'I don't *keep* books. I write 'em.'

A story, not his own, he hugely delighted in related to a driving tour to which some Bohemian friends treated themselves. On their way they put up at Stony Stratford. One of the visitors passed a sleepless night, the bed being liberally shared by entities who did not contribute to the hotel charges. When he came down to breakfast next morning he ruefully remarked 'They may well call this Stony Stratford. I was never so much bitten in my life.'

Burnand claimed for this pre-eminence as a *non sequitur*.

Enforced resignation of the editorship of *Punch* came upon him as a staggering blow. Having filled the post with honour and distinction through a period of twenty-four years he had come to regard himself as indispensable. He spoke and wrote very bitterly on the subject, unadvisedly, as his best friends thought and told him. But for his own letters published in the press the pleasing fiction would have been kept up that he had retired of his own accord on account of increasing years. He certainly had no ground for complaint against the proprietors either in the matter of courtesy or of consideration. On vacating the editorial chair he received a substantial pension for life.

When the healing unction of Time was applied to his wound his former relations with the proprietors were happily renewed. Those with his old colleagues were never strained. They bade him farewell, or rather said *au revoir*, at a dinner made the occasion of the presentation of a token of their regard.

His old interlocutor among the Income Tax Commissioners would have said that, retiring from active work in his seventieth year, Burnand ought to have been at least comfortably off in the matter of worldly goods. Apart from his salary as editor of *Punch*, he had many outside sources of revenue. He reckoned that he had written over 120 plays, chiefly burlesques and light comedies. 'The Colonel' alone, which had a prodigiously long run, must

have heaped his pockets full of gold. But he was an open-handed man. If he earned money liberally, he spent it lavishly. Suddenly faced by the prospect of cessation of salary, he utterly broke down. He wrote to his intimate friends pitiful letters deploring the prospect of the future. I had the good fortune, thanks to the hearty co-operation of Mr. Asquith, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to obtain for him a pension on the Civil Service List. This in conjunction with his retiring allowance set him on his legs again and his doleful letters beamed again with humour.

'My dear Lucy,' he wrote from Ramsgate, on August 1, 1906, 'you set the ball a-rolling and it has at last tumbled into the right hole for it—my pocket. Very many thanks to you. I am now in comparative clover. I have only just discovered, on turning over the page, that this is but half a sheet. Quite enough in this weather when blankets are burdens.'

He gallantly set himself to further increase his income by undertaking a series of lectures, no slight task for a man of his age in failing health.

'My tour is for October,' he wrote. 'It occupies about half the month. Terms are very good but whether 'twill be a success I haven't the faintest idea. If success, I doubt if I could continue the work. If not, then Fare thee well my trim-built wherry, and very glad I shall be to have done with it.'

In 1904 he had an illness of somewhat alarming character. The editor of a London morning paper, with the ghastly but necessary prevision in such cases, asked me to write a column *In memoriam*. When Burnand was quite better I told him of this.

'A column!' he cried, with twinkling eyes. 'I never thought I should get so much. Why, that's what they gave to Nelson in Trafalgar Square and the Duke of York on the top of the steps overlooking the Horse Guards.'

His record of a genial hard-working life which added much to the gaiety of nations is loftier than the average column.

UNCONQUERED: AN EPISODE OF 1914.¹BY MAUD² DIVER.

CHAPTER XVI.

'They stand to be her sacrifice,
The sons this mother flings like dice,
To face the odds and brave the Fates . . .'

GEORGE MEREDITH.

It was a brilliant morning of late October; scarcely a cloud in the sky or a ripple on the sea; and they reached the station early to find that a train had arrived before daylight.

Stretcher cases had been left undisturbed; but those who could walk were strolling or limping up and down in the sun. Others, more seriously damaged, lay about in groups on the ground or propped against bales of goods; great gaunt Highlanders, Gunners and Guardsmen, Indians and Canadians—their coats, boots, and puttees caked with the mud of Flanders; heads and limbs swathed in bandages bright with blood; rough jokes on their lips; a ready gleam of laughter in their tired eyes. And the sun beat down upon them all; and the last of the flies gave them no peace.

It was a sight to contract the heart in pity and to lift it in pride of common human manhood that could so smilingly suffer and endure.

There must have been seven hundred of them, all told. To dress their wounds and remove them would be an arduous day's work; and only by very special efforts could they be fed. Red Cross and V.A.D. ladies hurried to and fro with food and hot drinks and words of welcome, hardly less acceptable.

Keith went off at once to help with the stretchers. Helen promptly attached herself to a Highlander whose face was obliterated in bandages, save for his mouth and one eye; and presently Sheila came hurrying up to them, two spots of colour in her pale cheeks.

'Mums, *who* d'you think I've found?—No, not Mark,' she added quickly. 'It's my very "poor thing," Mr. Seldon, of all people on earth. I knew he'd taken up motor-cycling keenly; but I didn't dream he'd volunteer for despatch riding. Just shows

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you can never label people off-hand. It seems he had furlough due, and wanted to be useful; so he's been running to and fro in this awful fighting, and had his right leg smashed for a reward. When your kiltie's had his breakfast, do come and be introduced.'

The kiltie's one eye beamed at the familiar allusion from so engaging a morsel of girlhood; and he nearly choked himself in a gallant effort to empty his steaming cup of coffee at a gulp. But Sheila noticed nothing. She was engrossed in her regenerate 'poor thing'—rather more so than Lady Forsyth quite approved.

She herself found him not unattractive; dark as a gipsy, with thoughtful eyes that followed Sheila wherever she moved.

'That *you* should have found me! The most amazing luck!' he kept repeating, at intervals, apparently taking it for granted that Lady Forsyth understood the situation.

And, indeed, Helen caught herself wondering was it out of pure consideration for him that the girl chiefly confined her ministrations to men in his neighbourhood? She even came back to ask for details of the culminating adventure that had possibly cost him a leg.

'There's just a shred of hope they may save it,' he added philosophically. 'And I'm hanging on to that. I told you I was coming over. Didn't you get my letter?'

'No. It'll probably follow me here. Now—I mustn't stay talking. Shall I ask Mr. Macnair to get you for our car?'

'Do—angel of mercy!'

Snatches in this vein Helen overheard as she came and went upon her own errands, and her swift brain sprang half-way to meet possible developments not entirely to her liking. Still, she was sorry for the man and glad when Keith secured him as a passenger.

They left him finally at the hospital where Mona was beginning to earn distinction; and Sheila promised to look him up later. Then back they rattled again to that eternally familiar *gare*.

This time, they lighted on Maurice Lenox—not wounded, but shivering with fever, his nerves all ajar from sleeplessness and shell fire. The hope that he might give them news of Mark was soon extinguished. Maurice had run across him earlier in the day, and had since heard great things of his capacity and courage; but where the Regiment was at present he had not the ghost of an idea.

Maurice himself was a rather damaged edition of the lively, clever boy they had known at Inverraig. He declared that the horrors of war 'made in Germany' exceeded the wildest cinemato-

graphs in his brain. He had only been 'forward' three times for training purposes; but every time 'the luck' had been against him. He thanked his stars he had got out of it alive, and had not the remotest desire to go back.

After her talk with him, Helen wilted visibly; and by the end of their strenuous morning she looked so white and strained that Keith prescribed an afternoon of complete rest. The station work was too urgent for Sheila and himself to cry off altogether; but they would come back early and cheer her loneliness.

Helen accepted her fate the more readily because from the moment of waking her spirit had been shadowed by a too-familiar sensation. Some large event was hovering near. For this reason she felt reluctant to leave the hotel; and when the waiter brought in her tea-tray with two envelopes on it, she did not even need to look at the writing. Her instincts were infallible.

The second letter was from Mark's Colonel, but that could wait.

Page on close-written page she scanned, while absently sipping her tea, till her heart brimmed over afresh with love and pride and gratitude that, in spite of all, she had him still. She could not help contrasting the tone of his letter with the talk of Maurice that morning. No insistence, here, on horrors, or on hell fire; no easy optimism, either, as regards the gigantic task in hand.

'Every day makes it clearer,' he wrote, 'that we've a thundering hard job before us, and that our line round here is dangerously thin. Officers and men are about equally exhausted by the long strain and insufficient reliefs; and enemy movements all suggest that they're cheerfully reckoning to extinguish us in time for Christmas in Town. Bless their innocent hearts! They've yet to reckon with Tommy's talent for hanging on with his back teeth, even when a good few of them have been extracted!

'Mums, he's simply a human miracle; and we're all head over ears in pride of him, though we don't let on to any great extent. We've had a welcome breather in billets the last three days. But there are big doings on; and I expect we'll soon go forward again. Look out for a field P.C., and be of good heart till you get one. "Who dies if England lives?" That's the only sane way to look at it.

'Just had three ripping letters from you and Sheila and Bel. It does a man's heart good, in the midst of all this, to get such delicious whiffs of home. You *sound* a shade anxious. But fretting's waste of strength, little Mums, and your Highland laddie's going strong. The C.O.'s a mighty man of valour. Talks of making

me Adjutant when Collins takes up his staff job; all for love of you, I'll swear! And—talking of love, I've one word for your very private ear. If old Keith should suddenly startle you by an offer of marriage, don't say "No" if you can help it. Mind, I'm not sure that he will. But I've reason to suppose he may. What matter, after all, the difference in years—you that, at fifty, can still behave like a child of ten!

Helen read and re-read those amazing words in a very mixed frame of mind. An offer of marriage! Mark's imagination was running away with him. More than once of late she had wondered if Keith cared for Sheila. But herself—! Impossible. Undeniably it warmed her heart, true lover of love that she was: yet Keith was right. She could still at times feel that Other so near her in spirit, as to make the idea of a second husband seem little short of sacrilege.

Dropping Mark's letter in her lap, she covered her face. 'Richard—Richard!' she whispered, and yielded herself to the vague yet intimate sense of his presence, that gradually enfolded her and as gradually faded, leaving her doubly alone.

By way of banishing ghosts, she opened the Colonel's letter and read, with uplifted heart, his sincere and soldierly praise of her son, whom he hoped very soon to secure for his Adjutant. The first moment it was possible, he added, Mark should have a few days' leave. No man in the battalion had earned a better right to it. Moreover, in the recent fighting he had shown such conspicuous gallantry that his name was to be sent up for a decoration.

Such news made royal atonement for anxiety; and she was still reading when there came a knock at the door.

'Entrez!' she said casually, supposing the man had come for her tea-things. Then she found that he was holding a salver towards her; and on the salver lay a telegram.

At sight of it all the wheels of her being stopped dead. Everything seemed slipping away from her. Mechanically, she took the envelope and rose to her feet.

The waiter, too often a messenger of sorrow, vanished swiftly; and Helen Forsyth stood alone reading, with dazed iteration, the bald announcement that the War Office regretted to report her son, Lieutenant Sir Mark Stuart Forsyth, 'wounded and missing, believed killed.'

Her immobility was the measure of her anguish; and the shock was the greater coming at a moment when his voice had almost sounded in her ears.

Still mechanically, she picked up that precious letter and, for the first time, looked at the date. It was a week old.

Life without Mark——!

She pressed a hand across her tearless eyes; and while she stood so, the door opened again. She started violently. A crazy hope of reprieve flashed through her brain. But it was only Keith.

The paper she held and the look in her eyes enlightened him; and before he could master his voice, she had recovered hers.

'Keith—it's *come*!' she cried, holding out the telegram. 'God help us!'

A sudden faintness overwhelmed her, and she put both hands to her head. Keith saw her sway; and without an instant's hesitation he put an arm round her shoulders.

'Helen—my dear,' was all he could say, as she leaned limply against him, shaken with sharp, tearless sobs.

Once, in despair at the sheer impotence of speech, he laid his hand on her head; a moment—no more. Then very gently he led her to the sofa, and she lay there, her rebel spirit broken by this last and cruellest blow.

He picked up the telegram, re-read it, and put it on the mantelpiece. Its work was not yet done. The news would hit Sheila hard. And Miss Alison. Had Helen thought of that?

She was thinking of it now.

'Keith'—she sat upright, her eyes tearless still—'I've just remembered—poor Bel! Shall we wire or write?'

'A letter would be more merciful,' he said.

'Very well. I don't know how to write it. But I'll try.'

She sat silent, gazing at a photograph of Mark in uniform. Then: 'Keith—he *is* alive. I am sure of it,' she said slowly in a voice of impressive quietness and conviction. 'While I was lying there something—Someone told me. If he were not, he would have come to me, as Derek came. With all three of them I had the warning. So, unless he does come, I shall cling to my conviction.'

'Yes—cling to it,' he said. 'You've always seen true. Meantime, I'll take the car to the Front and not cease from searching, till I find him or some trace of him. You two must go home at once.'

'Home?' She shivered.

'Have faith—and patience,' he said gently. 'Throw all your energy into some sort of work less painful than the work here.'

'But Sheila will hate leaving it. Her whole heart is given to the wounded.'

'A very large part of it is given to you. And now—you are one of them; one of the wounded in spirit, whose names appear in no casualty lists.'

At last, to his relief, he saw tears in her eyes. She brushed them away and rose to her feet.

'I must try and write to Bel. And oh—there were letters from him and the Colonel. You must read them—'

Suddenly she remembered—and went hot all over at thought of how he had held her while she was immersed in grief. Dexterously abstracting Mark's last sheet, she handed him the rest and went back to the *escritoire*.

For a while Keith sat watching her, love and pain and pity contending in his heart. Then he opened the letters. It was the first time she had given him one of Mark's to read.

Hers to Bel scarcely filled a sheet. But the writing of it took a long time; and before it was finished, Sheila came in, visibly refreshed by an hour's talk with Mona and Seldon, who was not to lose his leg.

Hearing her step, Lady Forsyth put down her pen and covered her face.

Keith, feeling like an executioner, took up the telegram that was propped against a vase; and involuntarily Sheila put up a hand as if he had struck her.

'So soon?' she breathed, looking beyond him at Helen's bowed head.

'Not the worst—yet,' Keith answered handing her the paper.

She took in the contents at a glance; and for a long minute she stood gazing at it, lifeless as a statue, white to the lips, their first tremor resolutely stilled.

Presently she came back, as it were, from a long way off. 'We can still hope—and pray,' she said just above her breath.

Then, turning from him, she hurried over to Helen; and Keith went out, leaving them together.

Next morning there were hasty preparations to catch the mid-day boat. Keith's idea had been to cross with them and see them safe on English ground; but in the end there was no resisting Helen's urgent plea that he would not waste so many precious hours on them.

She promised him a telegram from Dover, and another from

Wynchcombe Friars. Then, Helen-like, when it came to the actual pang of parting, she impulsively clutched his arm.

'Oh—take care of yourself,' she said with smothered intensity.

'Both of you gone, and we alone—waiting——'

'For the fulfilment of your conviction,' he reminded her.

'Be sure *I* shall not rest till I have found him.'

'Do you suppose I doubt that?' she asked, a new tenderness in her eyes.

But even to him she could not speak her inmost fear—'What if Mark were wounded and in German hands?'

CHAPTER XVII.

'Your hearts are lifted up; your hearts
That have foreknown the utter price;
Your hearts burn upward, as a flame
Of splendour and of sacrifice.'

LAWRENCE BINYON (*To Women*).

WYNCHCOMBE FRIARS again—with the spirit of Mark haunting them in every room and at every turn of the grounds. Most intolerable were the little intimate things that conjured up his presence, the very tone of his voice; and—to crown all—there was Bobs. His ecstatic greeting, the sobbing squeals of joy that Mark so loved to hear; his rush beyond them, obviously in search of his master, shook the foundations of their fortitude. Not until now did Helen discover how much virtue had gone out of her; and the reaction, while it lasted, was a nightmare of which she afterwards felt heartily ashamed.

Sheila, thankful to be alone with her at such a time, quietly took the reins of government into her small, capable hands. On the day after their arrival she put Lady Forsyth to bed, and practically kept her there for a week, soothing and stimulating, with massage, the nerves of her head and her spirit.

She had the peculiar love of the born healer for all things hurt or unhappy; and the reserve force in her, detected by Keith, had kept the poise of her spirit unshaken through all. But the hovering shadow of a smile no longer haunted her lips. She had learnt, by aspiration rather than petition, to draw freely upon the one unlimited Source of Strength; and, young as she was, the older woman grew to rely upon her utterly during those days when the light within her was darkness.

Mercifully they found no strangers in the house ; and Sir Richard's sisters promptly discovered plausible excuses for going home. Helen was evidently in good hands, and in no mood for any other company. So for a while they two had their shrine of sacred memories to themselves ; and Lady Forsyth, who had supposed she knew her Sheila through and through, began to feel as if she had never really known her—till now. Such still, strong natures are slow studies always. In the ordinary way of life, they seldom sparkle or allure. It needs the high demand to call forth the hidden elements that make them the salt of the earth. And now, in response to that high demand, the true Sheila shone out like a star in darkness.

Alone with her and the healing influences of home, Helen's courage revived apace, and with it her natural tendency to merge the personal in the larger view.

All over England, all over Europe, suspense or suffering, in some form, had become a paramount law of life. It was the price of patriotism. Men paid it with their blood and their mutilated bodies, women with their tears and mutilated lives. One in suffering, they had the more need, all of them, to be one in courage. And Mark himself had willed to give everything, without reserve, without regret. Bitter repining on her part were simple disloyalty to him ; and there remained the saving mercy that her sorrow was tinged with hope.

There came a morning when she felt able to speak of these things to Sheila—even to tell her in detail of that talk in her turret room ; and their tacit mutual resolve not to fail him in this last and hardest test of loyalty linked them closer than ever.

So far no word from Bel ; and Lady Forsyth felt anxious, a little. Deep and real fellow-feeling had wakened her first genuine impulse of affection towards the girl. She had written almost as to a daughter. And on this very morning of her talk with Sheila, Bel's answer came—heart-broken, purged of affectation, yet emphasising in every line her complete divergence of feeling and point of view.

'You will wonder, dear, why I haven't written sooner, but I'm an arrant coward inside, and I simply couldn't face putting the cold truth on paper. Your sweet letter, written while the shock was fresh upon you, was a heroic thing. One sees where Mark got his courage. If he'd only had a little less of it—he might be with us still. You will disapprove of that "if." But I'm too utterly crushed to invent correct sentiments. I can only put

my own down anyhow, even if they're all wrong. Sweet of you to tell me of your private conviction. I hope to Heaven it may be true, but I have no sustaining faith to keep me going. Myself, I had a horrid feeling, that last night, that it was—the end. It's dear of you to say I can come when I like. But just now, having to work keeps one from collapse, and I am sure you two are happier together. Later on, perhaps. Harry is an angel to me. But I'm not pleasant company these days. Nothing interests me now, and I hate this abominable war worse than ever. If you hear any news, please wire. I got a letter from him—after yours. And it smashed me up. That's partly why I didn't write. Love to you and Sheila.

‘From your desperately unhappy

BEL.’

Lady Forsyth handed the letter to Sheila. It was blotted at the end, where tears had dropped.

‘Poor child! She cares more than I gave her credit for.—I wonder,’ she added, half to herself, ‘what *he* would think of that letter?’

Sheila bit her lips and was silent; and they fell to discussing Lady Forsyth's latest scheme—Country Cottage Homes for children orphaned by the War.

That morning proved a turning-point in their new, shadowed life. On all sides there was work crying out to be done. They had no right any longer to shut themselves up with their sorrow.

‘If we believe he will come back, we must live up to our faith,’ Lady Forsyth said simply; and they did so, to the best of their power. Keith wrote every few days, just to keep in touch with them and report his movements. There was nothing else to report—as yet.

Among countless notes of sympathy and hope, and of admiration for Mark, none was more uplifting to the mother's heart than the sincere and simple tribute of Colonel Munro.

‘To the Regiment and to me personally,’ he wrote, ‘the loss is so great that, although the worst is reported, we cannot give up hope. Neither will you, I feel sure, for many weeks to come. Forsyth's presence among us was an inspiration. It is not often in these dead-level days that one meets with a man who seems a natural-born king. Without exaggeration, that was how we felt about him. Unfortunately, those of his company who were with him last are also missing; but I feel convinced we shall hear of

them all, yet. I have named and described the men to Mr. Macnair, who writes that he is instituting a search on his own account. Good luck to him, and to you—the very best that heart can wish.

‘Yours ever,

R. MUNRO.’

Sheila shared that letter, and every other, even as she shared the difficult task of answering them all. In this respect, at least, she was grateful to Bel, who had tacitly relinquished the sad, high privilege that was hers by right.

The cottage scheme involved much correspondence and occasional journeys to London; and it was then that they began to realise more acutely the contrast between the ‘war drama’ as visualised by an island people, and the stern yet stimulating actuality just across the Channel.

There, even at the base, the atmosphere was electrical with the spirit of the Front, with the enthusiasm and passion of a great imaginative race, for whom invasion was no ‘bogey,’ but a bloody and devastating fact. Here, the great unseen thing was frankly a sensation, fitfully discerned through the fog of censored despatches; analysed, with bewildering brilliance, by literary strategists, and distorted by visionaries, who extolled ‘the war against war,’ and feverishly planned a new heaven on earth.

Happily for them, the real issues hung upon the vigil and the valour of a negligible minority who were only concerned to beat the Germans, and to make good, with their lives, the State’s miscalculations and delays.

But the very advantages of the islander are a part of his many disabilities. Not only did realisation come slowly to England, but it came too often in the wrong guise. In London, the newspaper craze became a form of dram-drinking. Everything that could be said about the great obsession was repeated over and over, in every conceivable tone of voice: till a bewildered public began to wonder whether politicians believed in their high-sounding generalities or journalists in their inspired leaders. Though social life had practically ceased, the pavements of the City were still thronged with men of military age, quite convinced, by the tone of certain journals, that their services were not urgently needed elsewhere; that the war would probably be over by Christmas; certainly by Easter. And after all, were they not doing good work, necessary work, on the spot?

Lady Forsyth herself had reason to feel grateful, often, for the steady effect of contact with the real thing—even the fringe

of it ; and her native sensibility to atmosphere made her feel, more keenly than most, the clash of contrast between the often unwholesome ferment of London and the immovable phlegm of the countryside. Coming home, tired in body and spirit, after a long day's work in Town, she would be beset by distracting doubts as to how this great and casual country of hers would emerge from the searching test of war.

It was then that Sheila, quick to read her mood, would slip behind her, unloose her hair, and, with skilful finger-tips, magically pluck out weariness and doubts alike, till Lady Forsyth would catch at her hands and kiss them.

'Sheila, that's not mere massage. You seem to reach one's very soul.'

And the girl stood smiling down upon her like a young goddess, radiant with conscious power.

'That's because I'm loving you hard all the time,' she said. 'It's a heavenly gift. I used to feel—such a dumb thing. Now I can give it all out through my fingers, I feel free. And—Dearest,' she added gravely, 'you mustn't get disheartened because London, on the surface, seems unspeakable. The unspeakables are always on the surface. Underneath, there are hundreds of real workers and silent sufferers, doing and bearing things without trumpets or banners. And aren't our sailors and soldiers miracles to praise God for? Surely such leaven as that must end in leavening the whole lump.'

'You're a miracle to praise God for,' Lady Forsyth began ; but her lips trembled and she was silent.

Then Sheila, in her protecting mother-fashion, drew the older woman's head close to her breast. 'Nearly three weeks now,' she whispered. 'We *must* hear something soon.'

Lady Forsyth shivered ; but Sheila went resolutely on : 'London wears you out, Mums, body and soul. Let's give it up for a little. There's plenty of work on the spot. It will hearten up Mark's people to see more of you. They must be anxious too, in their own way.'

They were ; and it was the very reflection of her own anxiety, the hovering question on every face, that at first made this paramount duty a very real ordeal. But it was Mark's work ; and his mother found it by no means devoid of compensation. It drew them all closer together ; it threw fresh light on Mark's individual fashion of upholding the aristocratic ideal among a free people ; and it steadily strengthened her own conviction that there, where human nature is still untainted by industrialism, lies the true hope of

England's future. She was sustained, also, by a private resolve that when Mark returned he should find, within the boundaries of his own kingdom, a right spirit towards the War.

Very soon she discovered an ally of equal enthusiasm and wider experience—Dr. Warburton, Headmaster of High Rough School. He had lost no time in getting to the Front, as Chaplain of the Forces, leaving High Rough in charge of Rex Maitland, to that gentleman's undisguised satisfaction. Already the fatal word 'indispensable' had become a mark of distinction more coveted in some quarters than a decoration. Warburton, at home now on business connected with the school, spent most of his spare time trying to instil the spirit of the trenches into cottages and country shops, where impassioned leaders were dismissed as 'hot air,' and despatches full of foreign names were only half understood.

As an old friend of the family, he had been among the first admitted to see Helen on her return from abroad; and the day after her talk with Sheila, he turned up at tea-time in the private hope that he might glean news of Mark.

His leonine head, with its shock of grizzled hair, hawk-like eyes under shaggy brows, and a Homeric laugh, gave a general impression of bigness, belied by his mere inches; but the man's inner stature corresponded unmistakably with the laugh and the lion's head.

Within a week, now, he would be back in France. 'And high time, too,' he added, thoughtfully sipping his tea. 'I'll miss coming here. Otherwise—' he shot out his great moustache—'it's healthier at the Front, in spite of the shells. The real spirit of England is in the trenches and on the sea.'

As he spoke the door opened and a parlourmaid brought in the afternoon post.

'Ah—Keith,' Lady Forsyth murmured, seizing a thin unstamped envelope and letting the rest fall into her lap.

Warburton rose, as if to put down his cup, and strolled across to the window. Presently a small sound of relief reached him and he turned quickly about. 'Found him, have they?'

'Not yet,' Helen answered with a brave smile. 'But the sergeant, who was wounded trying to help him, has made his way back to the regiment after hair-breadth adventures. They're sending him home at once, Keith says. He has my address. He will write. Then I can go and see him.' She spoke in short swift sentences, holding emotion in leash. Sheila had risen and was standing near the fire, ostensibly warming her hands. 'He and another soldier managed to drag Mark to a farm. He was hit in the head. Unconscious. They could do no more. The Germans

began shelling the place; and there they had to leave him with kind French people. They weren't even sure—if he was alive. That's all—so far.' She tried to smile. 'It doesn't lift the fog much, does it? But still . . . just to see this man who was with him——'

'Yes—yes.' Warburton's regard held more of admiration than of pity. 'Let me go with you—if the call comes in time,' he added, and rather abruptly took his leave.

That night Lady Forsyth wrote to Bel. 'Come to me for the week-end, dear,' she added, 'if you feel you can now, and would care to hear in detail what little I may have to tell. With any luck I ought to see Sergeant Macgregor before Saturday.'

And in a very few days the summons came. It was from Alder-shot; and Sheila decided to go with them. While they interviewed Macgregor she would love to make a round of the wards. For, in secret, she missed her 'poor things' and the work at Boulogne.

It was hard not to hope for impossibilities; but the sergeant's rather disjointed tale served neither to justify Helen's obstinate conviction nor to dispel her secret fears. He was a red-headed man, square and sturdy, just able to hobble. His nerves were obviously shaken by all he had been through; and his emotion in speaking of that particular day made it the harder to restrain her own. Of the nature of Mark's wound he could tell her nothing except that there was blood all over his head, and that they had bandaged it roughly—he and a British Tommy, who contributed his own mud-stained puttee, worn for weeks.

The mother winced at that. 'Did he know you?' she asked quickly, hoping he had not seen.

'Ah canna rightly tell, ma leddy,' was the unsatisfactory reply. 'Ah kneeled in the mud and ah said: "Ye ken verra weel who I am, sir?" An' he smiled crooked-like an' pit up his hand to stroke me cheek like a bairn. An' there came a sound in his thrapple. But niver a word. The Lord shield him from the hands o' they Jairman blayguards.'

But Helen knew that the tide of war had rolled over the village where they had left her son, and for the moment hope and courage were dead within her.

Warburton left for France next day, having promised to look up Keith; and Bel arrived with Harry to stay over Sunday. Lady Forsyth had smiled, not without understanding, at her request that Harry might 'come too.' Even in her sorrow Bel was still a victim to the fear of being bored; and Harry's masculine attitude of worship and service was more of an asset than she knew.

Lady Forsyth discovered many fresh points in common with Harry; but the change in Bel, obvious to both, troubled her beyond measure. Not merely was her smiling serenity subdued by grief, but it seemed overlaid with a fine film of hardness from which things painful or emotional glanced off like arrows from a surface of steel. She would neither look at the papers, nor talk of the war. This fact, alone, made conversation difficult; but for Helen the stumbling-block was as nothing to its inner significance. The strain and pain of war, that was steadily softening and enlarging Sheila, appeared to be having the opposite effect on Bel. Deliberately she turned her eyes away from beholding the world's anguish and heroism; deliberately she hardened her heart against its effect upon herself; so that she seemed in danger of losing even the surface softness that had been no small part of her charm.

Plainly, her love for Mark, however sincere, had no alchemic power to transmute the dross in her to gold. Would his return, such as he was now, dissolve that film of hardness? Or was the girl laying up further tragedy for herself and others?

Alone with Lady Forsyth, Bel was gentle and affectionate, yet completely aloof. She listened to Macgregor's story with set lips and a fine line between her brows. Though the mother's voice shook and tears threatened, Bel's eyes were dry.

'And after that—you can *still* manage to hope?' was all she said.

'Dear, it is not so much hope with me, as—belief,' Lady Forsyth answered gently, and Bel's sigh had a faint note of exasperation.

'You are amazing,' she said. 'And—so like him.' Then with a swift, dramatic gesture, she rose and seemed to fling away her mantle of composure. 'Oh, this brutal, senseless war!' she cried, her eyes still hard, her low voice tense with feeling. 'A man like that—splendid, strong, gifted—smashed up like a bit of matchboard. And what earthly use has it been to anyone—his sacrifice or our pain?'

The older woman listened to that strange outburst with something very like relief. It proved that Bel was not hard all through, and it cried aloud the very thoughts that had visited her own heart in the small hours when all the wheels run low.

'Bel—Bel!' she remonstrated gently, 'that is *the* question one dare not ask. It's hard not to. No one knows that better than I do. But the answer is, if Mark, and others of his quality, had taken that point of view, where would England be now?'

'Oh, England!' She dismissed her country with a faint shrug. 'Mark would be here with us, safe and whole. That's all I know—or care.'

Her voice still had its low bitterness, but it shook a little now and going over to the window, she sat awhile looking out upon the wood and the terrace where she had walked with him in that other life, gone beyond recall.

Vaguely she heard the door open. Then a low sound from Lady Forsyth made her look round sharply. Helen had risen—her lips were set and pale.

Bel glanced at the open letter she held out to her. It was an official intimation, garnished with official regret, that Lieutenant Sir Mark Forsyth, formerly reported wounded and missing, was now reported killed. The scanty information received in the past three weeks gave no grounds for supposing otherwise.

‘Of course this was bound to come,’ Helen said mechanically.

But Bel pushed aside the paper and covered her face.

Helen stood silent a moment; then she found courage to repeat her own conviction.

‘Dear, they may report what they please. Mark is alive. I know it.’

Bel simply shook her head.

‘You don’t believe me?’

‘No.’

‘But—you won’t go into mourning. Bel, you mustn’t.’

‘No—no. I detest mourning.’

The muffled voice broke suddenly. Lady Forsyth put an arm round the girl’s shoulders, and Bel leaned against her sobbing like a child. Then, with a shivering sigh, she released herself and hurried out of the room.

Lady Forsyth picked up that hateful slip of paper and dropped it into the fire. Mark was alive—nothing could shake her belief in that. But he was wounded—and in German hands. Her inmost fear had come true.

CHAPTER XVIII.

‘Love is swift of foot,
Love’s a man of war,
And can hit and can shoot
From far.’

GEORGE HERBERT.

It was on the first of December that Sir Mark Forsyth was officially reported killed; and it was upon an evening of early November, on a battle-scarred road of Northern France, that a certain waggon-

load of dead and wounded men jolted leisurely towards a certain village lately recaptured by the Prussians. The open body of the cart was spacious and full of straw that had once been tolerably clean, but was now defiled with mud and blood. It held six men—two French, three British, and one German. Two of them were obviously dead, three were as obviously alive and in cruel pain. The sixth, who wore a kilt and a blood-stained puttee wound about his head, lay on his back, motionless, wide-eyed, watching a bank of grey cloud dissolve into shredded wisps of gold. Presently the sun broke through and smiled upon the aftermath of battle as upon the sheaves of some peaceful harvest garnered with thanks and praise.

In this unceremonious fashion was Mark removed from the farm where Macgregor had been forced to leave him—dead, to all appearance, or at the point of death.

Of how he came to be there, in such woeful company, he knew nothing. His brain seemed blurred and curiously inert. He felt no pain, only a horrid faintness ; utter exhaustion from loss of blood. He would have given the world for a sip of brandy. Where was his flask ? he wondered vaguely, but felt too weak to stir a finger.

Above him, beside the driver, sat a little French doctor, talking and gesticulating vehemently. He might be of use, Mark reflected with feeble impatience, if one could only attract his attention.

Summoning all his ebbing strength, he tried to shout. The sole result was a horrid choking sensation and an abortive noise in his throat.

He grew suddenly alarmed. What did it mean ? And where were they going ? Had he, possibly, been taken prisoner in spite of himself ?

There was none to enlighten him, even could he have spoken ; and the torment of uncertainty remained. The fact that he suffered no physical pain was a minor item to be thankful for. Not altogether a minor item, perhaps, judging from sounds emitted by the German at the far end of the cart. Between groans and broken curses he was calling impartially on God and his mother.

The last galvanised Mark's brain into momentary life. What of his own mother—and Bel ? Would they believe him killed ? How long was it since his clock of time had stopped dead ? Would it ever be set going again ? And—what of the fight ?

More questions—nothing but questions—unanswered and unanswerable. They buzzed about him like hornets ; and to be

rid of them he fell back on memory. He recalled a world that rained shells and shrapnel—a violent, friendly and increasingly muddy world, in which Allies and enemies were wildly intermingled, till it was cleft from end to end by long and opposing lines of trenches, with a No Man's Land of varying width between. In the No Man's Land things had happened : things that left a scar on the memory—things a man could not talk about and, most unhappily, could not forget. In those early days reliefs were few and infrequent ; and Mark looked back on trench life as an endless age of strain—nerve and body and imaginative brain racked to the limit of endurance, and under all a dogged resolve that there should be no limit of endurance but the arbitrary limit of death.

Too vividly he remembered those last days, when grey-green battalions had been hurled against them, wave on wave, till his Highlanders, who stood like rocks in a storm, had been forced to retire by an urgent order from those who alone knew when wisdom demanded sacrifice of ground rather than of men. Stubbornly, foot by foot, they had fallen back from their hard-won position. Then—consternation and confusion. The battalion on their right seemed to have melted away . . .

And even while Mark rallied a few stray men to make a final desperate stand, the earth had suddenly collapsed under him. He recalled a horrid sensation of falling backwards, headlong—into nothingness.

At that point his memory broke off short. The rest was a meaningless jumble of sights and sensations like a troubled dream.

He was lying in a turnip-field. Something had happened to his head. Blood was flowing freely, but he felt no pain. In vain he tried to move. Weakness flowed over him. Living and conscious, he lay there among the dead, listening to the roar of battle that rolled steadily farther away ; fearful exceedingly lest they should bury or burn him ; or, finding him alive, should take him prisoner while this ignominious helplessness hung like lead upon his limbs.

At times he could hear voices and men passing. But very soon darkness fell again ; and out of the darkness came a vision of Macgregor's face. He remembered trying to speak, and the feel of the man's rough cheek when he patted it in sign of recognition. To his intense relief, he had felt them trying to move him. What had come of it ? Where were they now ?

The questions were at him afresh and the haunting thought of his mother. Once more he summoned all his strength in an effort

to reach her mentally. He had succeeded in doing so on more than one occasion. But now, the attempt was lunacy. It simply exhausted his last remnant of strength, and once more he slipped back into the outer dark. . . .

By some miracle, his resolute spirit hung on to the thread of life that remained; and when next it struggled up from the bottomless pit, the cart and the jolting and the smell of blood had vanished like all the other dreams. He was lying on a bed. He could feel the blanket against his chin. The air he breathed was faintly impregnated with antiseptics and the scent of clean straw.

As his brain cleared, he heard women's voices murmuring rhythmically in a foreign tongue. Too weak and weary to stir, he lay awhile steeped in contentment, till that rhythmical murmur resolved itself into Latin prayers. French nuns, good souls, must be praying by his bed.

Next moment, the chill trickle of water on his face made him start and open his eyes. One of the nuns was bending over him.

'Our Lady be praised,' she said softly. 'The spirit has returned. Monsieur will drink this, and strength will also return.'

She held a cup to his lips; warm milk dashed with brandy—pure nectar! It seemed to set life stirring in his veins, even as the woman's face set some vague memory stirring in his mind. The breadth of brow and cheek-bones, the mouth, with its resolute softness and the deep dent above the chin, struck a note of dim familiarity; but he felt far too lazy and comfortable to search for a clue.

The barn-like room in which he found himself was no hospital, but a rough makeshift. There were but half a dozen beds like his own. The remaining sufferers lay on straw pallets; and the little French doctor, whose profile he recognised, appeared to be in charge. That fact and the presence of nuns made him hopeful of being in the right hands. If only he could ask! But the curse of dumbness was on him still; and a fear that it might be permanent chilled the flow of returning life.

The other nuns had risen and moved away. She whom they called *Sœur Collette* stood smiling down on him.

'*Ça va bien*,' she said. 'Monsieur comprend?'

He made a sign of assent, then, with his left hand and eyebrow, tried to convey the question he could not ask. Her face lit up.

'*Le bon Dieu soit béni*. Monsieur desires a little conversation. As much as one can, I will relate.'

Serene and smiling, she sat beside him on a low stool. It was purely refreshing to hear a woman's voice again.

'M. le docteur,' she told him, 'a saint of God with a rough tongue, gathered up many dead and wounded from the terrible battle, more than a week ago, and brought them here to the Red Cross Hospital, then in the hands of my people. Now—Mary Mother, pity us!—it is once more taken by the Prussians. The hospital is seized for themselves, and M. le docteur is graciously permitted to use this ruined farm. Those, alas, who recover become prisoners of war. Monsieur himself on arriving was as one dead; and, next evening, we of the Sisterhood must pray for the souls of the departed. But I, who came to kneel near Monsieur, said: "This, surely, is not death." While others summoned M. le docteur, myself I found, by the mercy of God, one pulse, so small, so feeble, there in the neck of Monsieur. Imaginez!'

Mark smiled his crooked smile and lifted his eyebrows. He found it hard to believe in her fairy tale. But, if it were true, this woman, with the beautiful familiar face, had evidently been his good angel.

She was explaining to him now the nature of his wound, and how splinters of bone pressing on the brain made him powerless to speak or move. These the little doctor had partially lifted. But the complete operation was a delicate one; and he would prefer to wait awhile, in hopes that the tide of battle should roll eastward again.

'It might be well for Monsieur, then, to seem as one dead,' Sœur Annette explained, with a flicker of humour in her great dark eyes. 'They would not think him worth the trouble to remove; and in Paris all is possible.'

Mark had need of the utmost consolation he could extract from that thought. For, as strength returned, impatience returned also, and his imprisoned spirit girded at the hampering hulk of a body over which it had lost command—for how long?

Questions again! He grew to hate them heartily. Wherever he turned for relief, there one or more would spring up to confound him; and at moments of supreme exasperation, his brain seemed alive with notes of interrogation, seeking answers and finding none. More than once he vowed mentally that if he regained the power of speech, he would never again ask a question while he lived.

And he suffered more than exasperation during those inter-

minable November days. The very inactivity of his body seemed to induce a restless activity of mind. Fleeting inspirations mocked him: wonderful, impossible ideas for bas-reliefs and great symbolic figures. Strange moods swept through him and strange unreasoning fears. There were visions also—and dreams: visions of things he would have given years of life to forget; dreams from which he awoke in a cold sweat, so shaken that he would lie staring at the darkness, positively afraid to close his eyes.

Very often the dreams were nightmare distortions of realities. These had a horrid knack of recurring at intervals; and the one most dreaded by Mark concerned a minor incident of No Man's Land that had been permanently photographed on his brain.

Always it began at the same point: dusk, illumined fitfully by searchlights and bursting shells; the silhouetted figure of a Sapper subaltern walking coolly into the open with his coil of wire; then the scream of a bursting shell—and there, where the boy had stood, was a mound of earth and *débris* at a crater's rim.

Later on, the moon revealed something that moved fitfully near the edge of the mound. It was the leg of that Sapper subaltern—buried alive. Under heavy and persistent enemy fire, any attempt at rescue would have been madness; and Mark, digging and carrying all that night, had prayed that a second shell might put the boy out of his misery. But in the morning the leg still moved, and continued to move at intervals all day; till Mark, fresh to such horrors, could endure it no more.

That night, when the firing slackened a little, another figure, armed with a spade, had crept over the parapet and walked coolly out into the open.

And again, just as it reached the mound, a shell screamed and the earth yawned—and when Mark recovered consciousness, he was lying on his face a good many yards nearer his own trenches, himself half buried in the *débris* of that other mound, which was now no more. He thanked God the boy was dead; but the memory of that twenty-four hours had haunted him for weeks; and now with pitiless persistence it haunted his dreams.

The fact that he could neither speak nor shake off mental obsessions by a rousing walk aggravated their tyranny over him; and there were times when it crazed him, almost, to lie there, like a felled tree, powerless even to ask how he could let his dear ones know he was alive.

One morning, in such a mood, he tried to convey by gesture this question that so troubled him; and, to his delight, *Sœur Colette*

understood almost at once. No, Monsieur could neither send nor receive letters until the good day when 'les poilus' or 'les Tommies' came to their rescue. And Monsieur had lost his talisman.

Mark's left hand went quickly to his throat. It was true. The precious silver disc and silver chain were gone. He glanced at his wrist. No leather-coated watch—his mother's gift. Filled with sudden, acute dismay, he went through the dumb show of feeling in coat-pockets.

Again Sœur Colette understood and shook her head. There was nothing in Monsieur's coat—nothing at all. Monsieur le docteur could discover neither his name nor his regiment. In proof of her statement, she brought him the coat. It was rifled very completely. His flask, his gold pencil—Sheila's present—his letter-case and letters—all gone. The very buttons and badges had been neatly removed: a finishing touch that suggested the gentle German.

And Mark lay there realising that, unless and until he recovered his speech, he was lost, absolutely—even his identity gone.

He was not merely a log, but a nameless log. He chafed at the ignominy of it, as a man in sore straits will chafe at a trifle, yet endure the worst with fortitude.

Suddenly, with vast relief, he remembered his brogues. If only he could tell Sœur Colette to look inside them!

But the attempt produced such wild and ludicrous misunderstandings that the little nun grew embarrassed and Mark gave it up in despair. Perhaps his brogues had also been stolen by the Germans. After all, his precious name was no earthly use to him at present, and the future was a blank.

In this monotonous fashion the first weeks of November ebbed away. On the whole they were left in peace, except for periodical incursions of a rough-mannered German officer with aggressive moustaches, a high narrow forehead, and unmistakable Prussian eyes.

It was his joke, when in a humorous mood, to bid the fierce little doctor hurry up with his contributions for the nearest prison camp in the Fatherland. More than once he infuriated Mark by alluding to him as 'that English swine.' But it was the thinly veiled insolence of the man's manner to Sœur Colette that made him long most vehemently for command of his hands and tongue. Happily for himself, and for those who loved him, he could do no more than glare and clench a hidden fist.

On one occasion it chanced that Captain Adler encountered the flame of impotent wrath in his eyes, and the sight appeared to tickle his Teutonic sense of humour. With deliberate relish and a sneering smile he looked Mark over from head to foot, then turned to the doctor who stood near, inwardly nervous, outwardly fiercer than ever.

'Doubtless the *hochwohlgeboren* a without-fear-or-reproach knight is,' he remarked, with a contemptuous jerk of his thumb; 'But never again will he for the fair-and-distressed lady of his admiration one blow of revenge strike.'

Mark could only set his teeth. *Sœur Colette*, who knew a little German, bent very low over the young Frenchman she was feeding; and the Prussian, chuckling audibly, swung out of the barn.

That afternoon there came a lull in the unceasing rain and wind. The sky cleared and the sun shone out with a divine effulgence upon all the ruin and tragedy wrought by man.

Since Mark's arrival there had only been one such golden interval. It had lasted several days, and he had succeeded in conveying his great wish to be out in the open. So to-day the little doctor and his orderly carried him, bed and all, into the homely garden.

There, storm-draggled chrysanthemums made patches of colour. Stray leaves of Virginia creeper flamed on the walls; and the farmhouse itself gaped roofless to the indifferent heavens. A dovecot, battered and empty of doves, leaned drunkenly against the barn that was their hospital. The poplars behind it, etched delicately upon the blue, had been stripped, in this terrible autumn, of branches as well as leaves; and the fields beyond were pock-marked by shell fire. Yet peasant women still patiently tended the wounded earth and its products.

Some way off, on rising ground, stood the feudal château—what remained of it: headless turrets, gables shattered and distorted; windows, like empty eye-sockets, mere gaping holes. And the garden, beneath, sloping downward to the river, was a chaos of trampled shrubberies and twisted iron.

Mark, in his utter loneliness, cut off from letters and activity and the companionable gift of speech, could, at least, thank God for the 'silver streak' and the grey battleships that preserved his own most sacred treasures from a like fate. But thought of those treasures so tormented him and roused such a buzzing swarm of questions, that he refrained—as far as possible—from futile excursions into the future or the past; and he began to grow impatient for the advent of *Sœur Colette* with his chocolate.

He accepted, without after-thought, the fact that it was always she who attended him and entertained him; nor was he disposed to quarrel with the arrangement. He had discovered by this time why she created about him an atmosphere of home and of assurance that all was well. Dreaming one night of Sheila, he had waked in the morning to find Sœur Colette standing by his bed; and the haunting sense of familiarity was a puzzle no longer.

For a moment Mark had fancied he must still be dreaming. Then the nun spoke and the illusion vanished. But the charm remained; a charm that carried him back to early days before Bel's disturbing witchery had changed the complexion of life. In his isolation and bitter uncertainty, he surrendered himself, instinctively, to this blessed illusion of home. It was his one real solace through those grey, interminable weeks.

What their one-sided talks and increasing friendliness might mean to Sœur Colette he neither knew, nor sought to know. As a nun, he deemed her sacred, a being set apart. He was apt to forget—as the insolent Adler never forgot—that a nun is nevertheless a woman. But to-day, as the minutes lagged past and she did not appear, there stirred in him an emotion other than mere impatience—an emotion belonging to that virile world where a man could walk and talk and fight and hold a woman in his arms.

He checked himself sharply. That would never do. It was almost as if, through this unknown Frenchwoman, the spirit of Sheila were drawing him back to his old allegiance that, in those July days before the deluge, had been on the verge—he knew it now—of blossoming into a strong and deep love. And she—? Had she, possibly, begun to care? But that also would never do. He had chosen; or, to be more accurate, Bel had chosen and he had succumbed.

He surveyed his great prostrate figure almost with disgust. Would Bel, as revealed in her recent letters, have any use for a lover who could neither pay her compliments nor take her in his arms? Strange how, in these few weeks, she seemed to have slipped away from him. Even her face eluded his memory. It was the face and form of his virile little mother that was most constantly with him in these days.

Now, deliberately, he called up a vision of an earlier Bel—unknown, irresistible, ardently desired—sitting on a rock beside the burn awaiting his avowal, while he fondly believed her lost in dreams. This time memory played him no tricks; and the very vividness of the scene intensified his dawning perception of a change, gradual,

indefinable, that had crept into their relation since war wrenched them apart. Her first letters, he remembered, had bothered him; and he had found the same lack, the same touch of artificiality in those that had followed him to France. His very hunger for them had only increased the vague disappointment they so often produced. He recalled a remark of hers: 'Separations are rather uncanny things.' Curiously true—in her own case. While she was with him, it seemed, she approximated instinctively to the woman he would have her be. Without him, she became simply the product of her unsatisfactory antecedents.

Well, he had lost her letters with the rest of his kit; and on the whole he was not sorry. . . .

Just as impatience revived afresh, Sœur Colette and the chocolate appeared at last.

Sight of her recalled the morning's incident; and she saw the recollection in his eyes.

'Monsieur must not so concern himself on my account,' she said, after apologies for the delay. 'If Monsieur could know what one has seen, what one has passed through unharmed, since they drove us from our convent! I have no fear. I am shielded by Our Lady!'

For a few seconds Mark looked hard at her. Then, to her amazement, he blurted out two words, the first he had uttered for a month. 'Tell me,' he said. His voice sounded strange; but he had produced the right words, and he saw his own exultation repeated in her eyes.

'Ah, Monsieur!' she cried. 'It will come at last—the miracle. We have prayed without ceasing. And now—one must obey Monsieur's first command! But it is a story too terrible for altogether telling, Monsieur understands?'

Monsieur understood very well; but he had a great wish to know more of this sainted woman, who smiled with Sheila's smile and spoke with her voice. So in the quiet of that golden afternoon she told him—sitting on the doctor's camp-stool—of the town in Northern France that was her home, and of the bombardment that was the beginning of sorrows; when people lived in their cellars under the shadow of a greater fear than the fear of death. For after the shells came the Uhlans, demanding money and wine and women; above all wine and more wine, drowning their manhood so that no form of brutality came amiss.

With the same unimpassioned detachment, she told him of her own Sisterhood that, in pity, had stayed to help the wounded, and of 'la petite Pauline.' A novice, beautiful and spirited, she

had resented the coarse gallantry of certain German soldiers. Her contempt had roused the devil in them. Embraces not willingly given, must be taken by force.

'And she—poor innocent—she died in my arms, crazed with terror and torment. And they laughed . . . those devils!' She was silent a moment, looking out over the disfigured landscape. 'Monsieur, there are things that even the good God Himself can surely never forgive.'

Rising abruptly, she left him—haunted, enraged, half wishing he had not asked for her tale. Yet these were the very abominations that, if ever he reached home again, must be remembered, verified, and mercilessly avenged. She was right, that small fearless woman: there were things that God Himself could not forgive.

From that day there came a slight change in Mark's happy relation with Sœur Colette. Her likeness to Sheila worried him now, almost as much as it had charmed him before. The sense of having unconsciously slipped away from Bel set him idealising her afresh; regilding her halo, till she became again almost the Bel of that July afternoon in the glen, before the shock of her repudiation had temporarily shaken his faith and love.

Sœur Colette, dimly aware of some jar in their communion, suffered her own private shock of awakening. While all went smoothly, she had suspected nothing. Now she knew—and shame overwhelmed her. While her lips had prayed daily for the victorious return of French or British soldiers, her heart, dedicated to the Mother of God, had been secretly dreading the end of this, the one idyll of her saintly life. And because she shrank from confession of that most human lapse, she devised for herself certain penances that failed signally to still the strange new disturbance within.

At last, on a day, the dull thunder she had prayed for reverberated along the horizon. By slow degrees it rolled nearer, steadily nearer, till Mark could distinguish the familiar note of bursting shells. Then it was that he began to ask himself—would the Germans think him worth taking along with them as a prisoner of war?

He hoped they might not even be given time to save their own skins.

(To be continued.)

